Saturday Review

MAY 14, 1960 / 25¢

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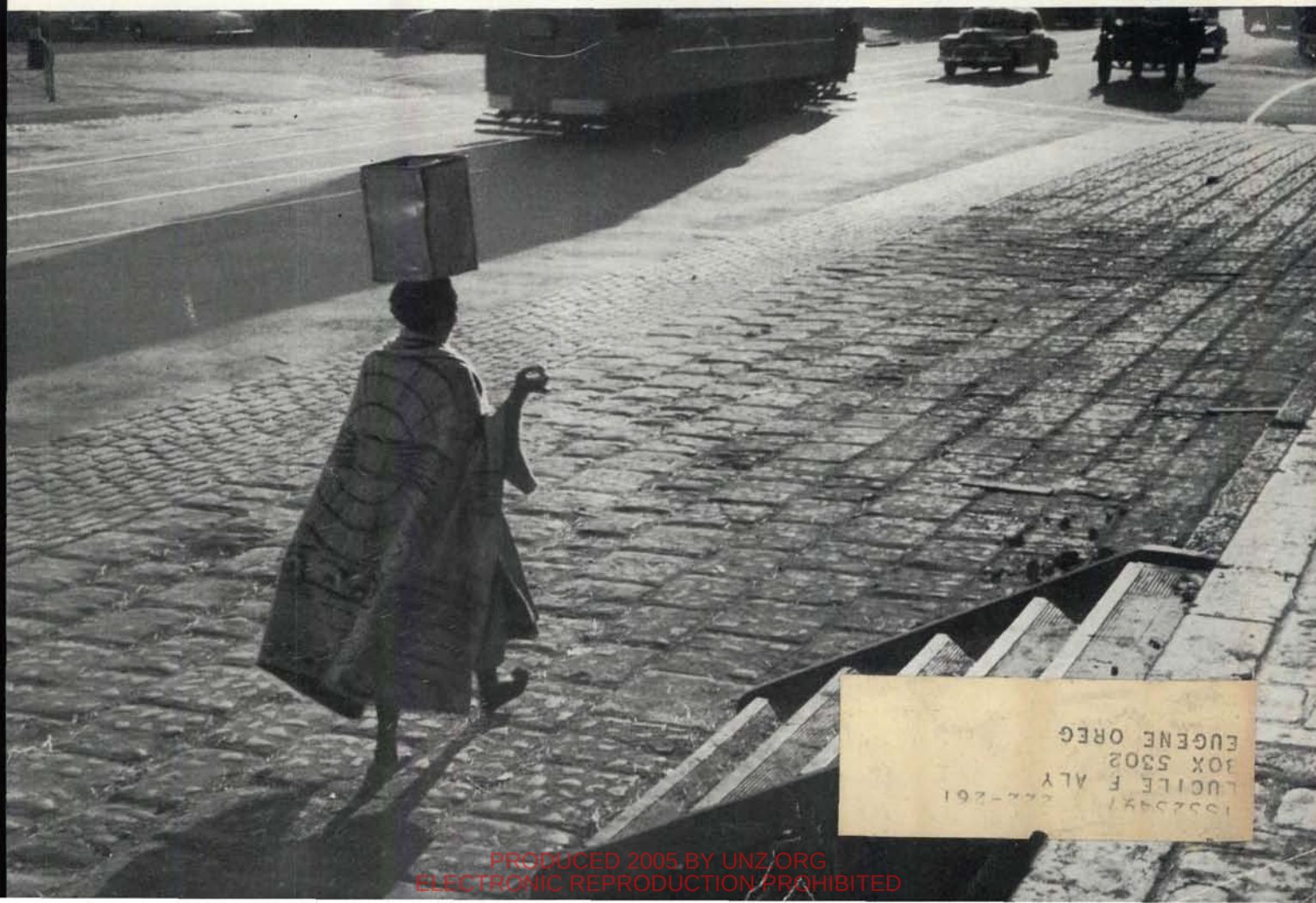
BLIND ALLEY IN AFRICA

By Arthur Keppel-Jones

Johannesburg citizen at dusk. *(See Page 10)*



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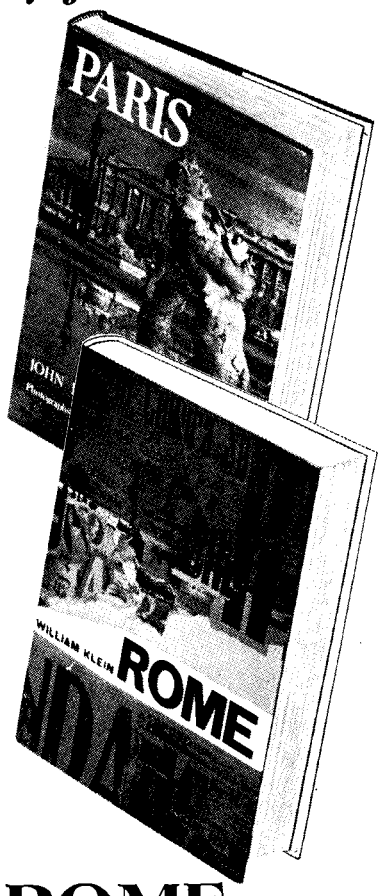
PARIS

by John Russell



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by William Klein

THE VIKING PRESS

Saturday Review

MAY 14, 1960

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It is the fashion these days among those who desire to "promote" reading to sponsor "Weeks." There is Children's Book Week, and National Book Award Week, and National Library Week, as well as several others I have probably forgotten.

I approve of these weeks, have participated in several, and whenever a new one comes along I applaud until my palms sting and my neighbors' ears tingle.

Nonetheless, I am starting a Week of my own, which I call Please - Leave - Me - Alone - I - Just - Want - to - Read - a - Book - Week. During this week no one will be expected to attend exhibits, listen to speeches or give out prizes. Instead each participant will do no more than read, silently to himself or aloud to his friends, a good book of his own choice.

My choice was an easy one. Robert Graves has a new book called "Food For Centaurs," which contains stories, talks, critical studies and, as a special bonus, some new poems.

No one could possibly agree with *everything* Mr. Graves says: anyone who does should stay away from Graves the writer and Graves the man. But no one can fail to be stimulated by this book, and I recommend particularly to all who write, or used to write, or ever hope to write poetry his "Preface to a Reading of Poems," which he gave at the University of Michigan.

"Food For Centaurs" offers food for thought for any week of any year. So get a copy from your bookseller, pick your own week and indulge in the best of all reading "promotion"—your own.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Food For Centaurs" ($4.95), by Robert Graves, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, Louisiana.

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

THE HARLEM FOX

NOW that Congress has committed to law its massive new act of Negro enfranchisement, I offer for consideration Mr. J. Raymond Jones, "The fox of Harlem."

Tall and oak-limbed, dark-brown and handsome, his silver-gray hair and pencil-thin moustache establishing an air of aristocratic dignity, J. Raymond Jones scarcely seems like a revolutionary.

Yet that is what he is in American politics. It is he, as much as any other individual, who has reduced to anarchy the great machine of Tammany, over whose wreckage Mr. Carmine De Sapio now nervously presides. And his revolt in the huddles of Harlem is important not only for New York but also for Chicago, Los Angeles, and the most distant parishes and counties of the farthest South where Negroes vote or are about to vote. For Mr. Jones is a Negro political leader finally beyond the white man's control; and how he uses the power of the Negro in American politics may determine our culture for years to come. We shall be facing this power in the next decade wherever Negroes learn their strength.

In the last decade, 900,000 white people have fled from New York City —net. In the same period the net inflow of dark Americans (Negroes and Puerto Ricans) has mounted to 300,000. Today, of New York's 8,000,000 people, an estimated 1,000,000 to 1,100,000 are Negroes, and another 700,000 to 750,000 are Puerto Ricans—between them, almost a fifth of the population of a city where, a generation ago, they may have totaled 5 per cent.

It has taken almost thirty years for this depth-change to show in the structure of municipal politics—and J. Raymond Jones has lived through the entire change.

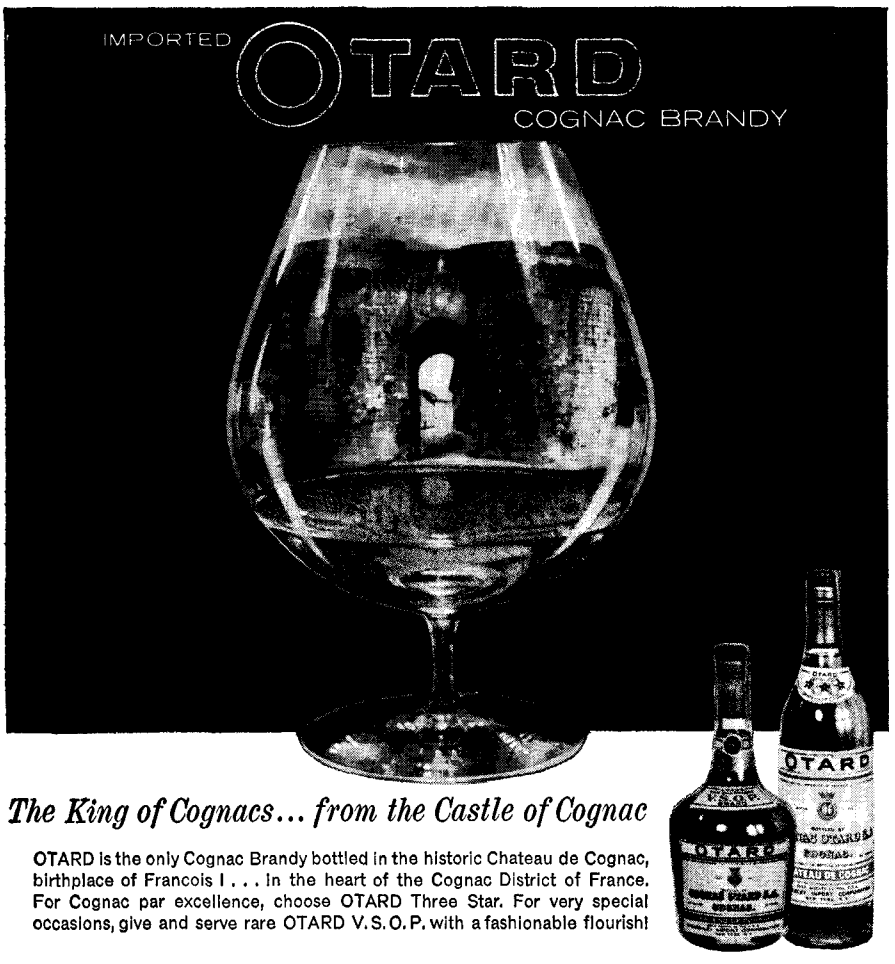
Time was when the clotted blocks of Harlem were plantation districts of Tammany, to be bought, sold, and distributed like baronies to the white favorites of the Chief of the Hall. The Tammany clubs of Harlem segregated their overwhelming Negro membership in cellars below or attics above their clubrooms. Time was when a white overlord could openly say in a Negro's hearing to the Tammany overlord downtown, "Alright, if you want us to run one, I'll run the blackest, ugliest one in my district and I know just who he is." Time was when the white political proprietor of a Harlem Negro district would run a puppet black face for the judicial bench, yet drive Negro politicians from his office in wrath when they sought the job of Judge's Clerk—a rich political plum—for their own race. Such plums were reserved for white men. Negro political leaders were paid off with the right to run police-protected crap games or backroom speakeasies.

Each Negro victory in New York in the past thirty years has been won by the law of tooth and fang. First, the fight to let Negro ward heelers become captains in their own right; then the fight to let Negroes be elected district leaders and sit in Tammany conclaves in person; then the right to choose which of their fellow men they would nominate for office; then the right to control their own patronage. In each of these struggles, for thirty-five years, J. Raymond Jones has played a vital role, learning the techniques of politics as he went, earning from his own people the title of "The Fox." In his personality and emotions, J. Raymond Jones, a proud man, still bears the scars of each humiliation and expression of contempt.

• • •

J. Raymond Jones now sits in victory in Harlem. For it was he, beyond the flamboyant, race-baiting Adam Clayton Powell, who organized the 1958 voting which broke totally all white control in Harlem. It is he who has organized the superlative Negro political machine which has now finally welded the five Negro districts of Harlem into the largest single deliverable voting bloc in the largest state of the union in the elections of 1960.

Yet J. Raymond Jones, fox and revolutionary, artist in political technology and the intricacies of election petitions and patronage manipulation, is more than a racial silhouette of one dimension. He is the only Tammany leader in the private rooms of whose clubhouse (the George Washington Carver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Club) rest a copy of Toynbee, a collection of books on Africa, a study of American sociology. At home in his apartment on the cliffs where New York's Negro elite live above the valley where their brethren swelter in the slums, his library runs from the complete Balzac and complete Shakespeare to the memoirs of Harry Truman embedded in a vast collection of books on economics and science. Tough and hard, a former coal stoker in the Caribbean, a former ice peddler in New York, a former Red Cap in Penn Station, Ray Jones, now sixty, is also a man of distinguished mind and great learning. He can play it low, tough, and cunning; or play it way up high where men speak of America's ultimate purposes. With equal eloquence he can talk in the vernacular of pressure or the vernacular of the egghead. Yet all he wants at the moment, he says, is "fair shares"—fair share of education and schooling, of patronage and public jobs in the Tammany share-out.

What makes Mr. Jones so interesting is that he is not alone in his captaincy of the revolution that has swept Harlem in the past two years. He is joined on the one hand by his political partner, frontman, and banner carrier—Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, a man of passion and flamboyant race bitterness who may possibly be the most dangerous political figure in New York, either black or white. He is joined on the other hand by the meek and plastic Hulan Jack, Borough President of Manhattan, one of the more inept men ever cast by Tammany as an ethnic emblem to catch votes. Jack, humiliated and outcast by Tammany finally as a fool, has joined the new Harlem bloc for survival.

These are three Negro types that Americans will meet in our new politics for a generation—both in the big cities of the North and in the Deep South where Congress this year promises to establish Negro voting. Mr. Powell is a racist extremist, explosive and dangerous. Mr. Jack has been a puppet and hence useless either to his people or to his masters. Between them is J. Raymond Jones, a master political technician, picking his way through a tangle of pressures within his domain and without. He can remain master of his coalition, and keep it just this side of violence, only so long as he gets from white politicians and delivers to his voters their full fair share. Which of these three types the American Negro will choose to follow, and which way they will go, is as much the white man's responsibility as the black man's. But the responsibility for both groups in choosing leadership on the urban frontier of race tension is inescapable.

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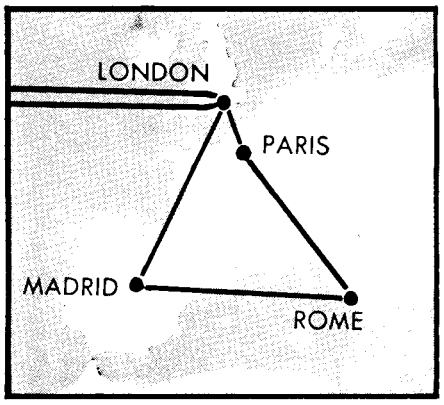

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Paris next. Ah, Queen among cities! Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, Place de l'opéra, the Eiffel Tower... you'll see them all by motor coach. And the Folies Bergère, too. Then a day at Fountainebleau and Barbizon. What glories of the past!

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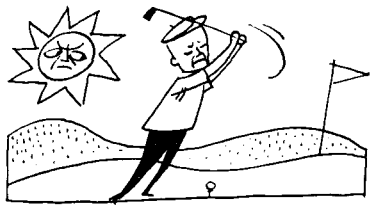
TRADE Winds

A DASTARDLY ATTACK on President Eisenhower has just come to my attention. What makes it even more startling is that it has been made by the President's older brother, Edgar. Ed, you may recall, was a Taft man and has never been overly pleased with the way brother Ike has run things in



Washington. Now he has laid it on the line in a new autobiographical book, "Six Roads from Abilene," written with the help of James McCallum and published by Wood & Reber.

Ed has practised law in Tacoma, Washington, for forty-five years. He is a director of the St. Regis Paper Company and of the Puget Sound National Bank. Besides being an outspoken fellow, he is a fierce competitor, having won the Senior Northwest Golf Association title when he was sixty-nine years old, and having been Washington State Senior Champion four times.

According to candid Edgar, there are five serious defects in the President's conduct which have hampered him severely, namely:

"He has a good fundamental swing but he does not shift his weight correctly.

"He over-pivots a bit, takes too long a back-swing, and can't quite get into position to hit the ball solidly.

"He has a good grip but he has not developed a grooved swing.

"His short game is weaker than his long, and he has a little trouble on the greens.

"Dwight is fully capable of getting seven or eight pars in nine holes, but he is also capable of getting an occasional eight or nine on any hole."

"I'LL PUT A bug in your ear," Macmillan's president Bruce Brett told me the other day. "I wonder if the textbook publishers are keeping up with the modern methods of teaching. In the last five years we've seen brush fires all over the country to show what's happening: Dr. Skinner at Harvard with his learning machines, for one, and now Dr. Ivy putting two television-equipped B-24s up in the air and broadcasting lessons to five states. All these projects are getting grants from foundations.

"Shouldn't the textbook publishers get together and acquire a grant? Let's get the top people in the field to study and evaluate the methods of teaching from texts. We must make sure textbooks are being properly written, but I'm afraid most of us are taking them for granted, when inside of ten years, I'm convinced, we shall be publishing special texts for educational TV or for teaching machines. Today's textbooks and school rooms will be passé. Instead, you'll get the best biology teacher in the country and put him on tape to teach a ten-state course. He's an author, of course, and I hope to goodness he's Macmillan's because all the other teachers just won't be writing."

Nowadays textbooks are tested by sales. If a book sells, then it is sup-

posedly satisfactory. That doesn't mean it is the best book, says Mr. Brett; it merely means that teachers like it. If teaching methods change as radically as he foresees, the test of quality can't be applied very well. Mr. Brett thinks it will be necessary to put into the textbooks, sentence by sentence and paragraph by paragraph, all the modern gimmicks of teaching. The trouble is that the publishers don't know what they are.

Mr. Brett sees a future where textbook salesmen will be television technicians and teachers will be airline pilots. "Publishers are going into the television business whether they like it or not. They must provide books, and if commercial publishers aren't able or willing to go along with it, someone else will. Educational TV is booming. We publishers must study ways and means of getting along with it, of changing the form of our textbooks to suit it. There's not much time on our side."

DUTTON HAS JUST published a new edition of "The Lusty Texans of Dallas," by John William Rogers. So much has happened there since the book first came out in 1951 that a whole new

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chapter had to be added. Thanks to Radio Station KLIF and the Dallas Public Library and the bookstores, the new edition is doing nicely.

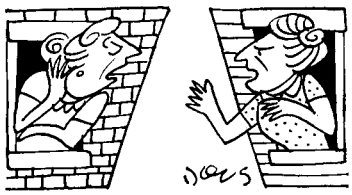
At one time, some Texans were proud of being quick on the draw. Now they are quick to point out (as Mr. Rogers does in the book) that there are fewer cases of murder, robbery, theft, and aggressive assault than in most American cities of comparable size. What's more, there is no prostitution, dope peddling, or gambling in Dallas.

Mr. Rogers points out that "for at least three decades the affairs of the town have been so completely in the hands of responsible business leaders concerned first and last with the welfare of the community, that sporadic attempts of irresponsible, self-interested groups to seize city hall power have been promptly scotched."

My conclusion is that a lusty Texan in Dallas doesn't have a chance any more.

I HAVE ENJOYED "The Art of Making Sense," by Lionel Ruby, which Lippincott made available in a paperbound edition. It is a witty discussion of logic. In one section on ambiguity, for example, the author explains that there is the ambiguity of single words, such as Wordsworth's remark: "If I had a mind to, I could write like Shakespeare."

Or when Sydney Smith, the wisecracking English divine, described how two women used to lean out of their windows, on opposite sides of the street, and argue with each other. "They will



never agree," he said. "for they are arguing from different premises."

Another type is the ambiguity of sentences. A good example is this statement: "Nothing is too good for her."

Ambiguous language permits the writer to avoid being committed. For instance, the diplomatic editor writes a short note to a would-be author:

"I shall lose no time in reading your manuscript."

THINGS ARE POPPING in Remsen, Iowa. I was telling you not long ago about a book and movie called "The Bramble Bush," which is rather sensational. Winchell said it makes "Peyton Place" read like nursery rhymes.

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ANDREW JACKSON—A student found an old Chicago newspaper article which quoted Andrew Jackson as praising Old Crow in the highest terms.

JACK LONDON—A seaman found a news article stating that London proposed a toast to his friend Martin Eden, "Skaal to Old Crow—it's the best!"

GOV. R. LETCHER—A scholar uncovered an 1849 letter advising Orlando Brown, "Never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leetle' drop of the Old Crow."

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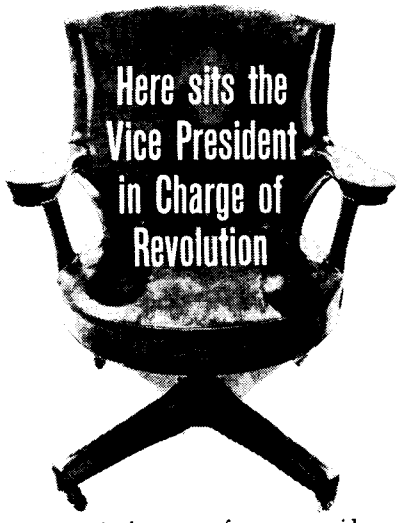

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as told to David Karp

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many years, been on the teen-age shelf of the Remsen library. Very popular, too.

"Imagine, if you can," Mary Jane Parriott writes me, "the furor, fury, and bustling of the local library board when the movie 'Bramble Bush,' was advertised in the Sioux City papers (thirty-five miles distant). It was merchandised as Warner Brothers intended

it. No one on the library board attended the movie, or at least didn't admit it if he had. Can this motion picture possibly be our innocent 'Bramble Bush'?"

Afraid not. The original, written for girls, is by Marguerite Dickson. Published in 1945, it was reissued in 1954 by Longmans, Green, and is now out of print. As a children's book it has been successful and acceptable. As a motion picture—ugh!

ACCORDING TO *Newsweek*, here is Madison Avenue's definition of death: It's Nature's way of telling you to slow down!

RUTH E. JOHNSON reports finding a sign at the Hackensack Cemetery: "One Way—Do Not Enter."

The menu of New York's Mandarin Restaurant cries out: "NO-NO-No Chop Suey!"

Isac Horowitz saw a sign on his way to New Milford, Connecticut. It was posted next to a small lunchroom which also had a gasoline pump outside: EAT HERE AND GET GAS.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1363)

HANNAH KAHN:
THE TIME OF SNOW

My mother was lonely;
I think of it now
When the wind is soft
And a lavender bough
Of lilac touches
My cheek as I pass,
And the sky sends shadows
Over the grass.

Strange that it took me
So long to know
That my mother welcomed
The time of snow!

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Chess Corner–35

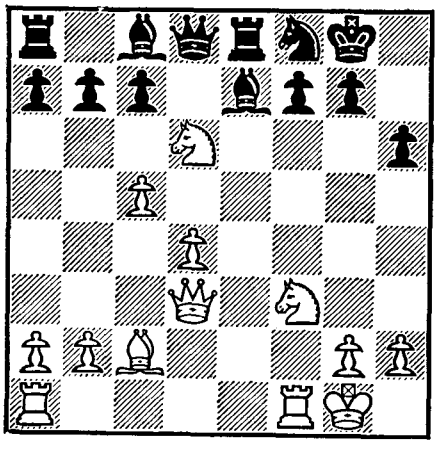
A RULE of thumb is that three moves are worth a Pawn. In ordinary circumstances, the gain of time and consequent development sufficiently influence the position to counterbalance the loss of material. General principles, however, do not apply to *most specific positions*, particularly those involving exchanges of tangibles for intangibles. It is a rare case, indeed, where a single *tempo* is worth a Rook; a Rook, moreover, that can be taken with check! And yet, below, we see this very curiosity. Soviet luminary Boris Spassky exercises admirable restraint in pursuing his grand plan without interruption, even for the sake of a Rook.

KING'S GAMBIT

Boris Spassky: White
David Bronstein: Black

1	P-K4	P-K4	8	O-O	P-KR3
2	P-KB4	PxP	9	N-K4	NxP
3	N-KB3	P-Q4	10	P-B4	N-K6
4	PxP	B-Q3	11	BxN	PxB
5	N-B3	N-K2	12	P-B5	B-K2
6	P-Q4	O-O	13	B-B2	R-K1
7	B-Q3	N-Q2	14	Q-Q3	P-K7
		15 N-Q6!		N-B1	

If 15.... N-B3 16 NxBP, KxN 17 N-K5ch, K-N1 18 Q-R7ch, NxQ 19 B-B4ch, K-R1 20 N-N6 mate.



16	NxBP!	PxR(Q)ch	20	N/3-K5	Q-K2
17	RxQ	B-B4	21	B-N3	BxN
18	QxB	Q-Q2	22	NxBch	K-R2
19	Q-B4	B-B3	23	Q-K4ch	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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Saturday Review
MAY 14, 1960

BLIND ALLEY IN AFRICA

By ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES

FROM A distance, the South African conflict doesn't make sense. Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The white dominant minority is afraid for its very existence. Why then does it do precisely those things that will lead most certainly to destruction?

The drama unfolding now in South Africa is a tragedy. The actors are not the simple villains and heroes of popular entertainment. In the place of villains there are complex characters who, as the plot thickens, are driven by its inexorable logic from one untenable position to another. Most are blinded by delusions. A few see clearly what is happening, yet cannot escape from the web which history has woven around them. And the heroes? There are certainly some who have earned that title, but their triumphs have been limited by the deep-rooted crisis in their land. And there are innumerable ordinary people, black and white, no better or worse than the general run of mankind, who are suffering now but who have done nothing important either to create the problem or to solve it.

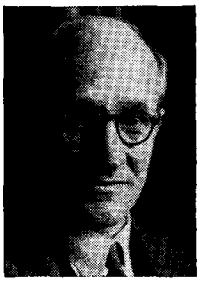
A Dutch immigrant gave me his impression of South Africa in three words: *problems without solution*. That is the theme of the tragedy.

Of the many factors that have produced this impasse, the most important is the race-consciousness of the whites. As Americans know, this is not peculiar to South Africa. Brazilians, on the other hand, know that it is not an inevitable feature of a multiracial society. It is not too much to say that if white South Africans could at any time have freed themselves of this incubus there would be no tragedy and no crisis today.

There is a world of difference between a ruling class, however narrow and oppressive, which is not separated from its subjects by race, and a ruling race which is defined, as it were, by nature. It is the difference between flexibility and rigidity. With the former, the ruling class can expand at will, absorbing promising recruits from below; members of the subject class can always hope to qualify. But when all power, rights, and status depend upon race, there can be no extension of freedom without a complete transformation of the society and its values. Guizot could say, "*Enrichissez-vous*," and Robert Lowe, "Let us educate our new masters"; but the Ethiopian cannot change his skin.

There is also another difference. Privilege based on wealth or education has a certain rationality about it. It can be defended or attacked with rational arguments. But racial supremacy is essentially irrational. Forced into argument, its defenders fall back on mental operations which are hardly sane. No wonder, then, that their practice matches their theory in its futility.

It is easy to criticize oppression based on the color of a man's skin, but this is not a subject on which many of us can feel superior or holier than thou. White South Africans are almost all race-conscious, but their attitudes vary greatly in degree and in detail, forming a pattern of bewildering and paradoxical variety. There was a young Afrikaner policeman who began his career by assaulting an innocent African. The charge was settled out of court. The policeman took monthly payments to the victim's house, and in time they became close friends. There



A. Keppel-Jones

WHY HE LEFT: "South Africa has gone crazy. Its political and intellectual atmosphere is that of a lunatic world. Standards that are the ordinary currency of civilized Christian societies are now treated here as the marks of criminal conspiracy, dangerous to mention in public. The most evil imaginings of deranged minds are unctuously proclaimed as if their noble worth were self-evident." Those words were part of Arthur Keppel-Jones's farewell to his home in South Africa a year ago. Although he had lived there for forty years, he had become convinced that a serious political storm was brewing and that it would come "in the form of a conflict in which it would not be possible for me to be on either side."

When Mr. Keppel-Jones made his decision to leave South Africa, he was a professor of history at the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg, in the section of the continent where his family had lived for generations (one of his grandfathers fought in the Zulu War). Earlier, he had studied as a Rhodes Scholar at New College, Oxford, taught at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, served as a visiting lecturer at Queen's University in Ontario, Canada, and lectured in the summer school of Johns Hopkins University. He had also written a number of books, among them "When Smuts Goes," prophesying the next half-century in South Africa, and "Friends or Foes?" an analysis of the South African problem with proposals for its solution.

Today Mr. Keppel-Jones is a professor of history at Queen's University, Ontario, where between classes he is at work on a history of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He now calls himself a permanent resident of Canada, and says, "As a South African I could not turn my back on my British heritage. As a Canadian I shall not forget my South African heritage either. But there is this difference between the two situations: the Canadians will not expect me to do so."

—J.F.F.

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are unbending opponents of *apartheid* who have never been in an African's house or entertained one in theirs. There are eminent pillars of the Nationalist Party who have been convicted under the Immorality Act for relations with African women. An Afrikaner couple adopted (in practice, though not legally) an African boy, and have been bringing him up as their own.

In 1957 the threat to enforce segregation in churches provoked the English-speaking churches to make solemn official statements to the effect that if this law were imposed they would break it, whatever the consequences. Yet in practice there is little racial mixture in the congregations. There is a small minority of Afrikaners, and a much larger minority of the English-speaking (with their churches, universities, and intelligentsia in the van) whose struggles of conscience and intellect have brought them to the point of rejecting racial discrimination in principle. But they are greatly outnumbered and heavily outvoted by the stolid mass to whom such rejection is inconceivable.

Segregation and race prejudice form a vicious circle. Prejudice inspires laws to segregate and discriminate; these laws reduce the possibility of contact between the races; the lack of contact, in turn, gives prejudice free rein. There is plenty of contact on the master-and-servant level, but this only reinforces the old stereotype of race relations. Contact on terms of social equality has been made almost impossible. Thus white people, even those of good will and sympathy, have difficulty in believing that it could be possible.

What is worse, racial oppression tends to create or to perpetuate the very condition that it uses as its excuse. Laws prevent all but a very few Africans from escaping the most degrading poverty and ignorance. Conditions in the cities produce a large class of African criminals, who terrorize their fellow Africans and cause the white inhabitants of Johannesburg to sleep in burglarproof houses with loaded revolvers under their pillows. These circumstances implant in the minds of whites a generalized "fear of Natives." To all but the most enlightened they appear to justify the whole system of discrimination.

Most white South Africans live in towns. Segregation in homes, transportation, employment, and amenities insures that they seldom see, and are little aware of, non-whites other than servants, messenger boys, and other humble ministers to their convenience. They live in a white world, a "white man's country." So do the farmers, though in a different sense. The non-whites make up a much larger percentage of the rural than of the urban population. But their relationship to the white farmers is something like that of medieval serfs to the lords of the manor. There is no conceivable approach to equality from that direction.

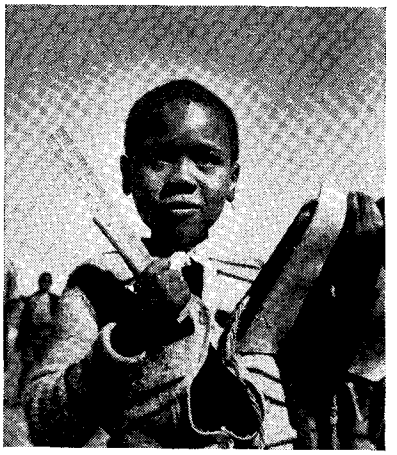
All this, however, is a superficial view, apparent to any observer. It is more difficult to explain the emotions and subconscious attitudes which this pattern of life generates: the association of the black skin with notions of dirt and evil; the sexual attraction which evokes violent repudiation; the hatred of color which arises in some from the knowledge that they have colored "blood"; the veneration of whiteness by the lowest classes of white society, for whom it is the sole ground of pride and superiority.

ALL this, and much more, culminates in the belief that is the crux of the whole matter: that the white race is an entity, a Being with a life and destiny of its own. Every circumstance of South African experience has conspired to promote this idea, with its corollary that the African (or Bantu), Colored, and Indian "races" are similar entities. The problem is almost universally thought of as a problem of the mutual relations of these mythical Beings. Even much of the literature on the subject reflects this fallacy. That is why the problems of South Africa are insoluble.

Nationalist policies have actually been defended by an appeal to "the instinct of self-preservation"; indeed, self-preservation has been brought into the argument on the ground that it should rightly take precedence over all moral considerations. The white man is said to be "fighting for survival." This, of course, is nonsense. The instinct of self-preservation is implanted in an individual to help him when he is attacked by a lion, or by a fellow savage brandishing a club. White South Africans, as individuals, have quite a lot to lose, including their lives; but this kind of survival is a different thing from the survival of the white "race" as an entity. And this is what is generally regarded as being at stake in South Africa today.

Note the plausibility of the case. Every nation values its identity and seeks to preserve it; what is wrong with our doing the same? This is our country, we were here before the black man (not quite so plausible—a half-truth); why then should we be deprived of it? It is easier for the outsider than for the participant to detect the fallacies in this reasoning. The white South Africans are not a nation in the same sense as the *total population* of any

"When rights depend upon race



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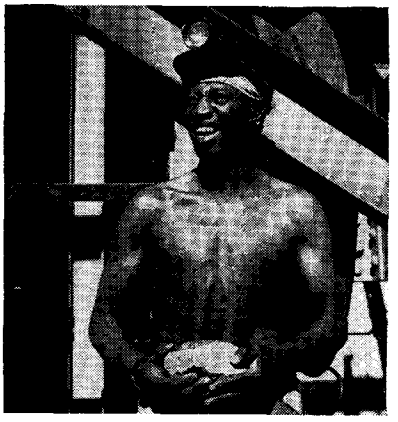

freedom . . . apartheid policies

are keeping the black race

not only down, but out."

—Pictures from Black Star.

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other nation-state or even of an emergent colony. In other countries nationality connotes language, religion, culture, allegiance; in short, the bonds of unity in the whole population of a territory. But in South Africa it has come to connote factors that distinguish groups of people who live intermixed in the same territory. The analogy is therefore false.

What is meant by the white race "losing its identity"? Quite simply, miscegenation, race mixture, dissolution in the sea of color. If the white race is a Being struggling to survive, the mortal danger lies in intermarriage and interbreeding across the color line. The main defenses are naturally erected on this front. This is the second step in the logic of *apartheid*.

As in every tragic theme, the second step follows almost inevitably and imperceptibly from the first. It seems natural, plausible, even innocent. But at this point the South African plot is already heavy with impending doom. The web is now woven, the course set, the consequences inevitable.

Very few whites question the initial propositions: that the white race is an entity which must survive and that miscegenation must be prevented. These seem part of the natural order of things. But very many, having willed the end, hesitate to will the means. Christian charity, sympathy, and the traditional attachment to liberal institutions have not been entirely smothered by racialism. The Nationalists, however, have the advantage in that their program is consistent with the premises their opponents accept. Vaguely humanitarian opposition to *apartheid* policies has been ineffective because, given the agreed premises, it is illogical.

THE consequences of making a firm stand against miscegenation are far-reaching. The direct prohibitions imposed by the Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act were obvious steps, but the latter has involved police snoopings and unsavory revelations which have made even the authors of the measure wince. Throughout the whole history of segregation it has been understood that interbreeding would have to be forestalled in its preparatory stages. Hence the complex of laws and customs to prevent social contact between the races. This elaborate code runs through every aspect of residence, work, play, and travel, and has recently culminated in the extension of beach segregation from the high-water mark to the three-mile limit. When it touches wage regulation, employment, and real estate, it interferes with employer and employee, buyer and seller in their pursuit of livelihood or advantage. The mere rise of an African in the economic or cultural scale would in itself promote social equality and contact with whites; such advancement must be hindered or hedged about with restrictions.

Preserving the identity of the white race has, in the nature of things, meant keeping the black race not only out but also down. Africans who have not the least desire to marry white women would, if they had the chance, break this whole structure to pieces. So the ultimate defense is the white monopoly on political power. That, in turn, induces white politicians to compete for white votes by rival bids of racial privilege and appeals to prejudice. The Pass Laws are not only an instrument of segregation. They are also a political reward to farmers, insuring them a supply of labor that they would not get if labor were free to take itself to the best market.

Such are the white defenses against a frontal attack. But the Nationalist tacticians knew very well that a Maginot Line would be useless if one of their flanks were wide open to the enemy, as indeed it was. There are in the Union, mostly in the western half of the Cape Province, one and a half million Colored people—people of mixed race, usually Christian and Afrikaans-speaking, hardly different from the whites (or the poorer whites) in anything but race. If a race war had broken out in 1948, these would have been unequivocally on the white side. In the Cape Province they had the vote.

They range in color and physical features from the near-white to the near-black. It was on these two border lines, and not in the meeting of black and white, that race mixture was really likely to occur. The Nationalists closed the gap with the Population Register and the identity cards, on which the little letter *W* or *C* fixed the holder's destiny and that of his descendants forever. Ringing down this curtain after three centuries of racial confusion meant, of course, official investigations of ancestry, frightening inquisitions, and accusations by personal enemies. There followed the removal of the Colored voters from the common roll, in which the constitution was defied, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court enlarged and exposed to reproach, the Senate packed, solemn promises broken. If there were a race war today, the Colored people would be on the black side.

Until only the other day, white men assumed that they could arrange all these matters to suit their own convenience, and that the rest of the population would fall obediently into the place assigned to it. The assumption was encouraged by earlier experience but it has been proved false by later events. The non-whites have been provoked to organization, appeal, and protest; then, when appeal was vain, to boycott, riot, and arson. A few whites have shared in some of these activities. Many more have opposed the system constitutionally, by political organization, on the platform, in the press, by giving publicity to abuses, and by interracial fraternization. This opposition, both black and white, has been in step with the motions of the whole outside world, while black emancipation has been spreading through Africa.

The Nationalist Government responded to the danger with authoritarian methods. Believing that it had a kind of divine commission to "save white civilization"—one of the clichés—it could not seriously tolerate sabotage of its work. The government has taken the power to silence and banish any individual; there is no appeal to the courts. It systematically refuses to consult those whose interests will be affected by its legislation. Provincial and local governments are compelled to obey the dictates of the central government in defiance of their own elec-

(*Continued on page* 58)

GUIDEPOSTS TO SOUTH AFRICA

The following books are recommended to readers interested in studying further the backgrounds of the present crisis in South Africa:

"**Inside Africa,**" by John Gunther (*Harper. $6.50*)

"**An African Survey,**" by Sir William Hailey (*Oxford. $16.80*)

"**A Time to Speak,**" by Michael Scott (*Doubleday. $4.50*)

"**Naught for Your Comfort,**" by Trevor Huddleston (*Doubleday. $3.75*)

"**Cry, the Beloved Countnry,**" by Alan Paton (*Scribners. $3.50*)

"**The Politics of Inequality,**" by Gwendolen M. Carter (*Praeger. $7.50*)

"**The Death of Africa,**" by Peter Ritner (*Macmillan. $4.95*)

"**The Heart of Africa,**" by Alexander Campbell (*Knopf. $5.75*)

"**The People of South Africa,**" by Sarah G. Millin (*Knopf. $5.*)

"**Hope for South Africa,**" by Alan Paton. (*Praeger. $2.50*)

"**Tell Freedom,**" by Peter Abrahams (*Knopf. $4.50*)

"**Evidence of Love,**" by Dan Jacobson (*Little, Brown. $4.*)

"**Friday's Footprint,**" by Nadine Gordimer (*Viking. $3.95*)

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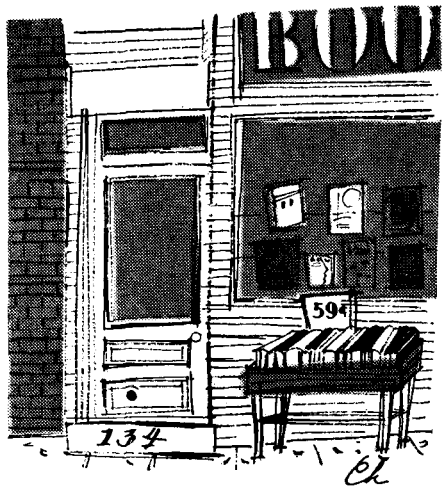
THE LOST HALF-CENTURY



By VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE,

Dean of Barnard College for thirty-six years until her retirement in 1947.

IN FUTURE ages, when historians and lovers of literature brood over the past and try to sense the temper of bygone times, they will be able to read about and experience Athens in the fifth century B.C., Rome in the Augustan age, Europe in the Middle Ages, England in the eighteenth century, and many other eras, but one will be muted and dead—America in the first half of the twentieth century. Startling though it seems, this highly vocal age through which we have been living will in all probability have faded out of view. Why? Because nearly all books printed during this period are on paper that is expected to disintegrate within twenty to a hundred years.

A prominent specialist in the field of the preservation of documents, W. J. Barrow, recently wrote that "most library books printed in the first half of the twentieth century will be in an unusable condition in the next century."

Though few people have been conscious of this situation, and still fewer have been aware of its implications, librarians have been growing increasingly concerned about it ever since the introduction of ground wood and chemical wood fiber papers in the last decades of the nineteenth century. The custodians of great libraries have realized that they were "piling up mountains of paper only to watch these mountains disintegrate before their eyes," as a recent article on the subject expressed it.

Built-in obsolescence, as we have known for some time, has been the technique of many American manufacturers. The object is to force the customer to replace his purchase years before it would need to be replaced if it had been properly made. Even in the construction of our houses, we experience, to a very considerable extent, the trouble and expense of a planned, deliberate deterioration.

But must modern books also have obsolescence built in? For this has been done even more extensively and universally with books than with other manufactured items, though not, I believe, so consciously and deliberately. This fact is a body blow to every scholar and lover of books.

MICROFILM, tape recordings, and other mechanical devices of recent years are methods by which we may possibly preserve the past and make it live again. On microfilm, especially, a great deal of work has been done, and there is reason to believe that film, properly processed and stored, may last for several centuries. But we cannot yet know. And though microfilm will obviously be of great value in preserving records, its use presents grave administrative and practical difficulties.

Can a scholar sit comfortably surrounded by them, dipping in here and there, as he is able to do when happily entrenched among piles of books? Can a poet carry a microfilm lovingly in his pocket and savor it as Keats did his little volumes of Shakespeare, which my friend the late Professor Caroline Spurgeon found in a private library in Princeton? They are seven small volumes of Shakespeare, printed in 1814, which John Keats had loved and read and carried about with him and annotated in the margins, and through which we can now feel close to the mind and hand of the tragic young poet. And what of the young poets of our own age? Will there be no shelter for the work of their minds, the poets who, like so many in the past, are not appreciated by their contemporaries, but whom readers of two or three hundred years from now might understand and love?

Let us not forget how, with the long years of Puritan intellectual dominance, the lyric poets, the Cavaliers, the Metaphysicals were thrust aside in the seventeenth century, almost forgotten. But in the sound little volumes of their age they waited, some for a couple of centuries, until "in God's good time" prowling readers picked their dusty books from the shelves, fame came again to the poet, and our literary heritage was enriched.

NOT so with gifted poets of the 1900s, who may by sheer accident have failed to win much recognition. I know of one such book, an exquisite one. The first edition will soon melt into dust, the plates have been destroyed, no one can rediscover it in the twenty-second century. It will never have a second chance. It is odd to realize that it will probably have as companions in oblivion most of the highly successful and acclaimed poems of the last fifty years!

Of course a few famous books and some essential records of the last half-century will survive or be continually reproduced. At least one newspaper, *The New York Times*, has been printing a few copies daily on rag paper, and these will no doubt be usable for many years. For a long time it was thought

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Birth of a Lusty Biannual

By Granville Hicks

A NEW paperback review has appeared, enigmatically entitled *The Noble Savage*. It is published by Meridian Books, and costs $1.50 a copy or $2.75 for a year's subscription (two issues). The editors are Saul Bellow, Keith Botsford, and Jack Ludwig, with John Berryman, Ralph Ellison, Herbert Gold, Arthur Miller, Wright Morris, and Harvey Swados as contributing editors.

> The reader [we are told] can expect of *The Noble Savage* the very best in fiction and poetry—in odd sizes and varying shapes; reportage and other kinds of noncritical nonfiction, often by writers heretofore pigeonholed as specialists of something else; revivals of good old work ("Ancestors"); and spirited commentary, by the editors, on the present scene ("Arias").

The first issue differs from most paperback reviews in that the contributors are overwhelmingly American; indeed, only the ancestral voice, that of Samuel Butler, comes from across the Atlantic. In the second place, there are no critical essays, and this is apparently a matter of editorial policy. Instead of the usual disquisition on Existentialism by some European authority, we have Harvey Swados on the subject of prizefights.

It is a lively volume and on the whole impressive. The opening contribution is a piece of fiction by Ralph Ellison, presumably a portion of the novel on which he is working. It has been a long time—eight years—since "Invisible Man" was published, and Ellison's new book really is, as so many books are said to be, eagerly awaited. "And Hickman Arrives" sharpens the anticipation. It begins: "Three days before the shooting a chartered planeload of Southern Negroes swooped down upon the District of Columbia and attempted to see the Senator." As so often in "Invisible Man," Ellison creates an hallucinatory effect as he describes the events leading to the moment at which Senator Sunraider is shot in the midst of a speech. Then he goes back to tell the wild story of the Negro preacher and the boy whom he trained to act out the drama of the resurrection, the boy who was to become a leading exponent of racial discrimination. The fragment necessarily leaves many questions unanswered, but it is full of dramatic power.

Wright Morris is also represented by a portion of a novel, the soon to be published "Ceremony at Lone Tree." The book is, I gather, in some sense a sequel to "The Field of Vision," for the chapter begins with Scanlon, introduces the McKees, and alludes to Gordon Boyd. But at the end a new theme emerges with a reference to Charlie Munger, "the most famous gunman since Billy the Kid," a boy who has murdered a dozen people. The present chapter which is called "The Scene," is mostly given over to descriptions of Lone Tree, Polk and the surrounding country. No one has evoked the atmosphere of the Plains States so fully and convincingly as Morris, and in these pages the art of the master is beautifully displayed.

The other fiction is contributed by Arthur Miller, Mark Harris, Edward Hoagland, and Jack Ludwig. Miller's story is simple, artful, and uncommonly touching. Harris's is complicated, with a wide streak of fantasy. It has a subtler humor than he has cultivated in his baseball novels and in "Wake Up, Stupid," and it may indicate a new and promising departure. Hoagland, author of "Cat Man," has done a lively story about three carnival employees who deliberately tangle with a group of rodeo boys and get the worst of it. This is vigorous stuff, fast moving and violent. Jack Ludwig's "Confusions: Thoreau in California" is intended to be sophisticated comedy, a bizarre commentary on some of the paradoxes of our time. Ludwig has worked hard on it, and there are amusing stretches.

The most impressive piece of nonfiction is Josephine Herbst's "The Starched Blue Sky of Spain," her recollections of the time of the Civil War. "Apart from a few news accounts, a few descriptive articles," she begins, "I have never written anything about Spain. It had got locked up inside of me." But now, more than twenty years later, she has somehow found the key. What she brings back from behind the gates is neither argument nor analysis but the pure re-creation of experience. She writes of Hemingway and Dos Passos, of the shelling of the Hotel Florida in Madrid, of her visit to the International Brigade at the front, of the time she spent in a small village, of soldiers and civilians she talked with. This, the reader recognizes, is what she really saw and heard, what she really felt. The ideas that concerned her at the time have been shucked off, and the naked experience emerges to be marveled at.

For the rest, we have Harvey Swados on the Patterson-Johansson fight, with excellent description and interesting theories. There is a flip piece by Herbert Gold on hipsters and beatniks that has some witty observations. Harold Rosenberg's "Notes from the Ground Up" seems self-consciously obscure rather than truly profound. There are suggestive remarks, but I wish Rosenberg were not so afraid of being explicit.

The two poets in this issue are John Berryman and Howard Nemerov. The former contributes "Twelve Dream Songs," which have echoes of E. E. Cummings and are interesting, lugubrious, and mystifying. The latter's "Life Cycle of Common Man" is equally lugubrious and nowhere nearly so difficult; it seems to me a memorable poem.

Samuel Butler, as I have said, is the ancestor of the semester, and his "Ramblings in Cheapside" is an amusing example of his shrewdness and his tongue-in-cheek humor. The other department, "Arias," devoted to editorial observations, isn't in this issue particularly successful, although the little skit about Congressional investigations could have amounted to something.

You have to take the not-so-good with the good, but there is a lot of the good. My guess is that Bellow, who knows many writers, has drawn heavily on his acquaintances—all six of the contributing editors are represented—and maybe he won't be able to do quite so well next time. Whether that turns out to be so or not, his first issue offers a brilliant display. Ellison, Morris, Herbst, Miller, and Nemerov, as they are seen here, are first-rate. Harris, Hoagland, and Gold aren't far behind. Nothing that the others have contributed to the volume is trivial or inept or commonplace. There is nothing that is discreditable because it is merely slick, and nothing that is discreditable because it is merely fashionably avant-garde. The collection suggests once more how much vitality there is in contemporary American writing.

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Books in the News

1945: De Gaulle decorates Eisenhower.

1958: En route to Algiers.

—*French Embassy Press & Info. Div.*

1960: Resting at "La Boisserie."

His Passion Was for Destiny

"The Edge of the Sword," by Charles de Gaulle; *translated by Gerard Hopkins (Criterion. 128 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Salvation,"*** *translated by Richard Howard (Simon & Schuster. 346 pp. $6), reveal the scaffolding for the French President's leadership. The foremost British authority on contemporary France, Alexander Werth has just written another book on that country, "The de Gaulle Revolution," which will be published soon in both England and the United States.*

By Alexander Werth

IT MAY be an odd thing to say, but, although Volume III of de Gaulle's "War Memoirs" is *the* book that is going to be talked about, it is that slim little volume, "The Edge of the Sword," which is by far the more important of the two. I would even say that it is the most revealing book that de Gaulle has ever written, and if only Hitler's name were not so obnoxious, I would not hesitate to call it de Gaulle's "Mein Kampf." Written in 1932, when de Gaulle was an obscure colonel of forty-two, "The Edge of the Sword" provides the key to his whole dazzling future career; it is a sort of X-ray of this man's extraordinary mind and character, and explains better than anything just why he became the leader of the Free French in 1940 and just why he acquired unique authority in France both during the war and again in 1958. For even as a relatively young man, scarcely known by anybody, de Gaulle was already deeply convinced that he was a Man of Destiny, and in this little book, in which he draws heavily from the examples of Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon, he lays down, as it were, the rules of greatness, leadership, prestige, and authority.

Thus he explains that "authority" cannot be acquired: people are either born with it, or they aren't; but if they are, then authority, if it is to be effective, must, like any other talent, be carefully developed. Everything must be cultivated: manner, speech, pose, and the capacity of making just the right impression on people:

> This passion for self-reliance is obviously accompanied by some roughness of method. The man of character incorporates in his own person the severity inherent in his effort. This is felt by his subordinates, and at times they groan under it. In any event, a leader of this quality is inevitably aloof, for there can be no authority without prestige, nor prestige unless he keeps his distance.

In such a leader of men "asperity" is an inevitable part of his character; also, like Napoleon, he must be a man of few words; like Caesar, he must carefully study the way in which to make the maximum impression on people; and secrecy and mystery are indispensable at times:

> There can be no prestige without mystery. . . . In his designs, his demeanor, and the mental operations of a leader there must always be "something" which others cannot altogether fathom.

What an insight into the Sphinx-like utterances of de Gaulle in the last two years on a question like Algeria, and into his whole technique of "leaving people guessing"! "The Edge of the Sword" also provides a clue to that long psychological preparation that underlay de Gaulle's "sudden" decision to rebel against the newly-appointed Pétain government and make his famous Resistance speech over London radio on June 18, 1940. Already in 1932 de Gaulle wrote that there were moments in a true leader's life when the rules of cowardly discipline had to be cast aside; similarly, he reveals (fourteen years in advance!) some of the deep psychological reasons—so different from the political reasons he gives—why he suddenly abandoned his leadership of the French government in January, 1946:

> The price they [great men] have to

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> pay for leadership is unceasing discipline, the constant taking of risks and perpetual inner struggle. The degree of suffering varies according to the temperament of the individual, but it is bound to be no less tormenting than the hair shirt of the penitent. This helps to explain those cases of withdrawal which, otherwise, are so hard to understand. It constantly happens that men with an unbroken record of success . . . suddenly lay the burden down. [It is largely because] they must accept the loneliness which, according to Faguet, "is the wretchedness of superior beings" . . . personal happiness is denied to those who fill positions of great power. . . .

The fact that this book was written by de Gaulle nearly thirty years ago makes it one of the most staggering human documents of this century. Moreover, the President recently confirmed to his publisher that the views he expressed then represent his current philosophical convictions.

De Gaulle is a great master of French prose, but not an easy writer to translate; Mr. Hopkins is to be congratulated on his lucid and fluent rendition of "The Edge of the Sword." On the other hand, Mr. Howard's translation of "Salvation" is clumsy and amateurish in the extreme, with a deplorable tendency to use the same word in English as in French: *se rendre à l'évidence* becomes "capitulate before the evidence"; *manifestations* remain "manifestations" and don't become, as they should, "functions" or "demonstrations," and *propositions* are called "propositions" and not "proposals." Many more examples of such prep-school translation could be quoted. Not that Mr. Howard alone is responsible for the feeling of dissatisfaction that this third volume of de Gaulle's "Memoirs" is bound to instill.

The story, covering the period of 1944 to 1946—*i.e.*, from a moment soon after the Liberation of France to de Gaulle's sudden resignation from his leadership of the French Provisional Government—is marked by an extraordinary egotism and self-righteousness, which inevitably raises the question what the book is really worth as history. The eighteen months covered in this volume are among the most difficult to understand in the whole recent story of France, and the suggestion running throughout the book that de Gaulle was always right, and his critics (who are never given a proper hearing) always wrong is, to say the least, disconcerting. *Was* Parliament, as de Gaulle would have it, merely absurd and fatuous to object to the authoritarian way in which he was determined to rule the country, resenting not merely Parliamentary control, but even Parliamentary criticism? Was Mendès-France wrong to oppose Pleven's easygoing financial policy—given its blessing by de Gaulle—which meant continued inflation and the perpetuation of the black market? Why, in the name of French greatness and prestige, did de Gaulle have to embark on the senseless eight-year war in Indo-China instead of trying, like the British in India, to come to terms with the Vietnam nationalists? Despite a tribute to FDR at the time of his death, de Gaulle makes no secret of his intense hatred of Roosevelt, whom, in particular, he blamed for having kept France out of the Yalta Conference.

It is the fashion today to treat de Gaulle as a very great man, which, no doubt, he is in many respects. But the de Gaulle of 1944-46, lacking the subtlety and tolerance of the de Gaulle of 1958-60, and grooming himself for the role of the authoritarian leader of the "French People's Rally" a year later, was perhaps the least attractive of all the de Gaulles that we know. Throughout this third volume of his "Memoirs" he radiates contempt for his fellow-Frenchmen, and, at the same time, glibly dismisses as wholly unfounded any criticisms made of his disastrous financial and colonial policies. Nor was his attempt at a singular "between East-and-West" policy in Europe any more successful than his effort to detach the Ruhr and Rhineland from Germany. To achieve his ends he went to see Stalin. He relates this episode with a sardonic kind of humor, but scarcely disguises his disappointment at Stalin's refusal to support France against Britain and the USA on the question of Germany's western frontier; instead, he makes the most of his "loyalty to the West" in refusing Stalin's proposal that he recognize the Polish "Lublin Committee" as the government of Poland.

De Gaulle was a great wartime leader; it was also his wartime prestige which enabled him to drag France out of an inextricable situation in May, 1958; but the 1944-46 period covered in "Salvation" reminds us of the fact that, whatever he thought of it himself, de Gaulle was neither always right, nor always wise. And one cannot help wondering whether that anti-Parliamentary complex, which he inherited from that period, and which is today as strong as ever, is not going to hurt France in the end.

In Pursuit of Gallic Grandeur

"France: Troubled Ally," by Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. *(Harper. 512 pp. $5.75), raises the question whether the French are capable of responsible self-government. Nicholas Wahl, assistant professor of government at Harvard, has written a political biography of de Gaulle, which will be published shortly.*

By Nicholas Wahl

NOTHING has so influenced the world's opinion of French power as did six fateful weeks in the spring of 1940. Hitler's sudden and spectacular defeat of the French Army abruptly changed the prestige rating France held in the minds of leaders as different as President Roosevelt and South Africa's Field Marshal Smuts. For FDR France henceforth would have to be an Allied ward for which decisions were to be made as for a weak and aged invalid. For Marshal Smuts, as for other world statesmen, postwar France would certainly be a third-class power, whose views would count for naught—and rightly so.

Americans in particular readily accepted these views of French power for they had long suppressed their contempt for French public and private standards of behavior. No appeal to the Lafayette myth of Franco-American friendship could counteract the secret feeling that France's defeat was at least partly deserved. And no matter how much Americans are still reminded of their oldest foreign alliance, news of French Army revolts and Algerian settlers' uprisings simply confirm the old impression that the French remain incapable of responsible self-government and can not be depended upon as allies today.

It is this rarely articulated though very widespread view of France that appears as the *leit-motif* of Edgar S. Furniss, Jr.'s study of France's posture in world affairs since the war. Written with the support of an impressive study group, and under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations, Professor Furniss's book is a massive and scholarly argument in favor of the now

(*Continued on page* 44)

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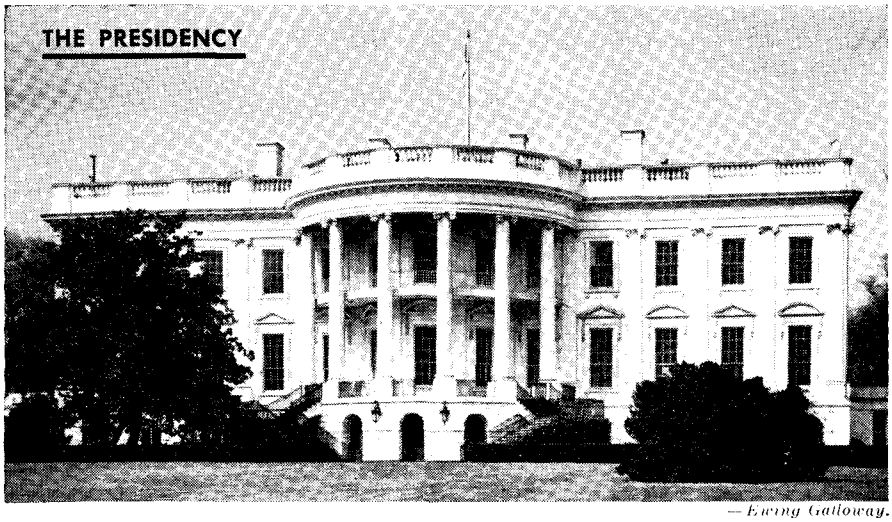

—Ewing Galloway.

Presidential Portrait Gallery

"1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," by Walter Johnson *(Little, Brown. 390 pp. $6), asks what our Chief Executives during the past thirty years "did and did not, could and could not, achieve in aiding the adjustment of the nation to the twentieth century." Sidney Hyman wrote "The American President."*

By Sidney Hyman

THE TEXTURE of American political life between 1929 and 1959 underwent so many changes on so many planes, that a catalogue of all the causes and effects would fill a library. The only thing an historian of those years can profitably do in a single book is what Walter Johnson has done in "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue" (the street address of the White House): imitate a portrait painter who comes to his subject with a pre-vision about its salient traits, and then poses that subject in a light which allows those traits to be seen most clearly.

In his pre-vision Professor Johnson, who is chairman of the History Department at the University of Chicago, sees American politics in the past thirty years as having drawn its form in large measure from the form of the running dialogue between Presidents and the people. Of necessity, therefore, the author's panorama of those years subdivides into portraits of Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, the four Presidents who were in the White House between 1929 and 1959. The guiding question he has to ask and answer is what successive versions of Presidential leadership "did and did not, could and could not, achieve in aiding the adjustment of the nation to the twentieth century."

Unlike some university-based historians who are slaves to the union rules of their trade, Professor Johnson has the wit to know that all facts are not equal, and that scholarship does not consist in burying the consumer-reader under a shapeless mass of data. In this as in his earlier books, he writes at a scherzo tempo, with swift strokes, with a keen eye for the revealing gesture, and, best of all, with a personal feeling of affection for the stuff that goes into politics.

In the case of all four portraits, Professor Johnson has no difficulty in showing what the various Presidents "did and did not do." His real difficulty lies in ambush on the "could and could not" side of his project. I say ambush, because on this side there lies the treacherous question of fate and freedom which has cut down hosts of writers on the relationship between the leader and the led. Did a particular President have a tight or a broad range of alternatives from which to choose his course of action? Was he ruled by the stars, or was he at liberty to act other than he did?

With respect to President Roosevelt, Professor Johnson answers the question in a convincing and judicious manner. This is particularly true when he examines FDR's conduct following the outbreak of the Second World War and, later still, at Yalta. From the evidence the author sets before us, we can plainly see that in both situations President Roosevelt was as much the captive as he was the master of oceanic forces which entered into the decisions he had to make.

The wonder is not that he sometimes erred. The Yalta agreements, for example, were not based on error, but on a well-thought-out appraisal of the best that could be obtained from the Russians under the circumstances that then prevailed. Indeed, the Russians were so penned in by the agreements that they could later get what they wanted only by breaking them. We, on our part, despite the myth that grew up about the "sell-out at Yalta," still use the Yalta Agreements as the cornerstone of our political-diplomatic case against the Russian presence in Eastern Europe.

To a lesser degree, Mr. Johnson is also persuasive in answering the "could and could not" question in the instances of Presidents Hoover and Eisenhower. The one portrait where the answer is open to challenge – in my view, at least–is that of President Truman. It bears the section heading: "Failures in Leadership." But was the Truman Presidency a failure? Or if not a failure, doesn't it deserve far more than faint praise for the quality of the leadership it produced?

PUT Mr. Truman back in the context of his time. He comes to the Presidency by chance. He must fill the place of a fallen giant. He presides over a nation weary at the end of a great war, and bored with the Democratic Party, which had held the Presidency for so long. He also presides over a nation that is shocked by the discovery that it is in a Cold War without a terminal point in sight. Then, too, he faces an opposition party embittered by its sense that it really should have won the 1948 election, but didn't. These and other lines of force of a similar character should have nullified Mr. Truman's effectiveness from the outset. The fact is, they didn't. The fact is that it was he, along with men like Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who engineered the nation's historic, indeed revolutionary, turn of attitude toward world responsibility.

Mr. Truman understood that a modern President has two constituencies. One is the voting constituency of his fellow Americans, from whom he draws his title of office. The other is the non-voting constituency of the member nations in the Grand Alliance we forged. It is true that in cases where the two constituencies collided in their point

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of view, Mr. Truman tended to favor the point of view of the Grand Alliance as a whole. And for this he was roundly damned at home. But was this a failure of leadership? I would say it was the opposite of a failure. I would say that it was the most successful and most "realistic" kind; in proof of which I would cite two details. First, American prestige abroad during the postwar years was never so high as during the Truman Presidency. Second, the successor Presidency, whether it liked to or not, had to move within the four corners of the foreign-policy lines laid down by President Truman.

To register this dissent from the spirit of Professor Johnson's judgment of the Truman Presidency is not to cast a cloud of doubt on the merit of this study as a whole. Far from it. This book comes as a timely reading of the minutes of the national meeting since 1929. It deserves to be pondered as we move ever closer to the act of choosing a new President.

Electoral Eye on Church and State

"A Roman Catholic in the White House," by James A. Pike with Richard Byfield *(Doubleday. 143 pp. $2.95), voices questions that have been on many lips for the past several months. Samuel Hendel is chairman of the Department of Government at The City College of New York.*

By Samuel Hendel

A ROMAN CATHOLIC President of the United States poses some special and difficult problems for Catholics and non-Catholics alike; and certainly Bishop Pike and Canon Byfield are right in insisting that to discuss these problems openly is not bigotry but responsible citizenship. It is as legitimate for the authors to ask if there are "any beliefs of the Roman Catholic Church that might impede the power of a President to fulfill his high office in accordance with American traditions" as it would be, for example, for a Catholic to inquire into the pacifist convictions of a Quaker candidate.

Yet, although the basic inquiry is proper and consideration proceeds with apparent fairness under the authors' repeated admonition that no voter should vote against any candidate "simply on the ground of his religion" (nor, I would add, *for* him simply on such ground), what emerges from the organization and emphases of the book as a whole is a highly biased presentation.

This imbalance principally derives from the central importance assigned to a statement of "The Official View of the Roman Catholic Church." Drawn from the writings of Popes and other leading churchmen, this view asserts that it is necessary to believe that every human being is "subject to the Roman Pope"; that "error has not the same rights as truth"; that restrictions which Catholic nations place on non-Catholic propaganda are unobjectionable, and that democratic concepts of freedom of thought, speech, press and separation of church and state are reprehensible.

It is true that we are told in the pages that follow that there is "An American Interpretation" by other Catholic spokesmen (although none of the rank of Pope) reflecting "quite a different line." These spokesmen, including Cardinal Gibbons, have expressed their preference for the American form of government, and accept the Constitution without reserve, including its guarantees of freedom of speech, press, assembly, and religion. They deny, too, the authority of the Pope to interfere in purely civil matters. The authors agree, moreover, that this general view "is doubtless the one held—consciously or unconsciously—by most [Catholic] churchmen. . . ."

The authors quote Senator Kennedy's statements that "nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the Constitution and all its parts—including the First Amendment and the strict separation of Church and State"; that he is "flatly opposed to appointment of an Ambassador to the Vatican," and against "Federal funds being used for support of parochial or private schools."

—Family Circle.

James A. Pike—responsible citizenship.

Senator Kennedy apart, Catholics in Congress—as the authors concede—differ widely among themselves, and party affiliation has a great deal more to do with the way they vote than Roman Catholic loyalty. Nor is there any evidence that Catholic Justices of the Supreme Court have voted to reflect any special viewpoint. Notwithstanding this record, it is not unreasonable for the authors to suggest that Catholics sometimes confront and yield not only to doctrinal but informal and, at times, formal ecclesiastical pressure to conform to a particular Catholic doctrine. A case in point may have been the recent statement of Catholic Bishops categorically asserting that "United States Catholics believe that the promotion of birth prevention is a morally, humanly, psychologically and politically disastrous approach to the population problem," and adding that Catholics "will not support any public assistance, either at home or abroad, to promote artificial birth prevention." It is possible that Senator Kennedy's subsequent equivocal position on this issue was influenced by this statement. (It is noteworthy, however, that Governor Edmund G. Brown, another possible nominee, took a position that most non-Catholics would find unobjectionable.)

What appears to me most highly unrealistic and prejudicial, however, is the conclusion of the authors that a voter must give serious consideration to the danger that a Roman Catholic President "might be reminded of" or "have impressed upon him" the basic doctrines of his church, that is, the "official view" including the "infallibility of the Pope and of the necessity of external conformity and 'internal assent' even to 'non-infallible' declarations." Of course, this *might* happen but it is highly unlikely that the Catholic hierarchy and a Catholic President would be so ill-advised. If it did happen it would, above all, do serious damage to the Catholic minority, and the Catholic incumbent would very likely be the first and last Catholic President.

Paul Blanshard writes in "God and Man in Washington" that "the concept of superior loyalty to the Pope is now hedged with so many verbal and actual conditions" that "this whole issue should be expunged from any Presidential campaign." If this were done, we might then be able to consider the "Catholic" issue in its true dimension in relation to the many important issues of the campaign and the comparative merits of the candidates. For the question really is not "A Roman Catholic in the White House?" but "Which American in the White House?"

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FICTION

Elephants on Parade

"Hail to the Chief," by James Reichley *(Houghton Mifflin. 399 pp. $4.95), pries into events behind the scenes at a GOP Presidential convention. CBS news correspondent Ned Calmer has been reporting on political conclaves since 1936.*

By Ned Calmer

BY THE SORT of coincidence that publishers like, James Reichley's novel about a national political convention makes its appearance in the bookstores only a few months before the real thing is to happen. Also by interesting coincidence, Mr. Reichley sets his story "in a city something like Chicago," the scene of this year's Republican convention. Of course the characters, like the city, "are meant to describe no actual human being in the present, past or future," but the time "is evidently a Presidential year in the 1960s." The author manages to keep his personal identifications properly vague, although occasionally there is an odd slip (or is it a slip?) as when one of his politicians in describing a certain Governor, refers to "that God damned wedding cake ornament from New York."

In choosing a Republican convention for his story, Mr. Reichley, whose previous novel of politics in a small Pennsylvania town, "The Burying of Kingsmith," won praise, ignored the tradition that Democratic conventions are more lively and colorful affairs. And if anyone has thought that the Grand Old Party lacks a full share of corruption and even violence in the process of selecting its candidate for President, Mr. Reichley is very persuasive about disillusioning him. For this novel is definitely on the seamy side. The story steams with guile and vindictiveness. There is hardly a righteous character in the lot of them.

In scope "Hail to the Chief" bears some comparison with that great best-seller "Advise and Consent," except that its author felt able to hold its length to 400 pages, a more sensible limit for a novel. It is remarkable how much an author can crowd into that space if he has the skill. In this case, apart from some of the most incoherent stream-of-consciousness passages written in the last dozen years, Mr. Reichley has succeeded in doing his subject full justice. By the time he finishes there is hardly anything worth knowing that he hasn't made clear, with a stubborn, searching thoroughness, about the mechanical operation and the human color of one of our great national institutions.

But Mr. Reichley goes deeper than that. His principals—from the kingmakers all the way to the hangers-on at the outer fringes—are vividly real as individuals, and all too frail of flesh in those moments behind the scenes when the chips go down and the real decisions are made. The question here is whether Senator Theodore Blair will ride through to the candidacy as arranged beforehand by the party bosses, or whether the glamorous young Governor Gavin of Oregon (secretly backed by the big Texas oil money) can crowd him aside. Ready, too, to accept the nomination is former General of the Armies Lucas P. Starbuck, replete with Madison Avenue propagandists bent on establishing him as the image of their way of life.

Circling nervously around these people is as pretty a group of skulduggers as you're likely to meet in a month of political conventions, each with his or her private brand of persuasion. Among the connivers: Albert Ehrbach, syndicated columnist, who lines up with the oil money; Charles Danser, another journalist whose still-smoldering love for Gavin's wife involves him neck-deep in the plotting; John Calvin Brady, white hope of the colored vote, and assorted campaign managers, politicians, and hired help, each with his or her more or less cynical American dream.

Does it really happen like this? Perhaps not quite as melodramatically as Mr. Reichley would have us believe, perhaps not quite as much for the simple, naked, and sometimes petty human reasons his characters have for doing as they do. And yet, in sum, who is to say he is wrong? So many people who know will never tell.

—*Werner J. Kuhn.*

James Reichley—"does his subject full justice."

—*Alan Anderson.*

John Masters—"the superb storyteller." (See page 20)

—*Geddes.*

Raymond De Capite—"writer of exquisite talents." (See page 41)

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GHOST ON THE GREEN: Major the Honourable John William Wentworth Gore of the First Royal Light Hussars, the hero of **"The Haunted Major"** (Ives Washburn, $2.50), is by his own admission an excellent polo player, a brilliant cricketer, the best racquet player of his day in India, the best man on the field during a Rugby match, the hardest rider across country that he knows of; a big-game hunter, a mountain climber, balloonist, deep-sea diver, yachtsman; and a man who has rarely met his match at billiards, whist, piquet, or poker. The only sport or game he has not mastered is golf, which he abhors. No physical danger, don't you see.

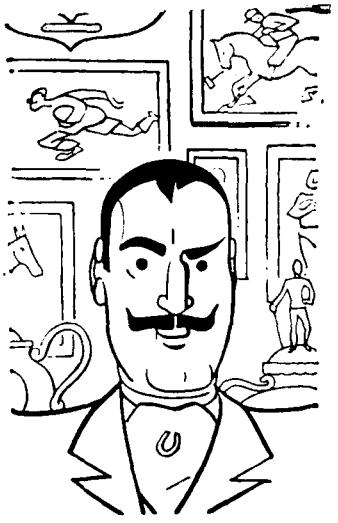
It becomes plain that the major is also a fortune hunter, an expert at sticking his foot in his mouth, and a crashing bore. In an effort to win the admiration of a rich American widow who is preoccupied with golf and golfers, he challenges the best player in the world, no less, to a thirty-six-hole match over a very famous and very difficult Scottish links, despite the fact that he has never held a club in his hands. And therein lies the tale.

Now, you don't have to know very much about the craft of fiction (and nothing at all about the game of golf) to realize that it will take nothing less than a god on a machine to get the major out of this situation. And this is precisely what happens. In a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder, the ghost of a dead Cardinal appears on the Scottish moors one evening while the major is taking a constitutional. For reasons that are never quite made clear but which seem vaguely to have something to do with the Cardinal's antipathy for John Knox, he offers to help the major out of his predicament by loaning him a set of magic clubs.

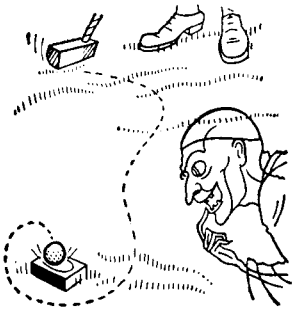
At about this stage the story of "The Haunted Major" becomes ludicrous to a point where Thorne Smith would have hesitated trying to get it down on paper. Notwithstanding, the story as told by author Robert Marshall has been in print and selling in Scotland and England, phenomenally enough, ever since 1902.

Like fisherman, golfers deal constantly in hyperbole, and for this reason almost all their literary efforts, like fish stories, are overweening attempts at humor. "The Haunted Major" seems just another of these attempts. In its defense, however, I should admit that I can't truly recall half a dozen really funny stories in the whole, considerable library of golf. This is surprising when you stop to consider some of the writers who have tried to use golf as a springboard: Finley Peter Dunne, George Ade, Stephen Leacock, Charles Van Loan, Paul Gallico, P. G. Wodehouse and, God forgive him, Ring Lardner. As humor, "The Haunted Major" will appeal to those dyed-in-the-tweed golfers who can still get a chuckle from turn-of-the-century golf and post-Victorian satire. But it won't register, I am afraid, with the dyed-in-the-cashmere golfer of 1960.

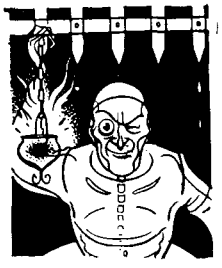
—Charles Price,
editor of Golf *magazine.*



The Haunted Major.



"I simply couldn't miss it."



"That awful burning eye."

"Ahint the arras in this verra chamber is concealed ma ain bonny set of clubs."

The Statue Seekers

"The Venus of Konpara," by John Masters *(Harper. 338 pp. $4.95), follows the hazardous trail of an archeological expedition in India during the heyday of British imperialism. Margaret Parton recalls her own experiences in India in "The Leaf and the Flame."*

By Margaret Parton

TAKE A handsome young Indian prince, heir to thousands of years of legend. Add a dancing girl who might be Ishtar, Belit, Aphrodite, Pandemos or, for that matter, Ava Gardner. Throw in a wandering philosopher-archeologist in search of God, a rough-diamond dam-builder, a neurotic British official and his frustrated wife. Add man-eating tigers, poisoned arrows, hidden caves, and Dravidian lore. Set them all down in a small Indian princely state in 1890—and what do you have?

Why, you have a new novel by John Masters, of course. Masters the superb storyteller, back in India and right in stride again with an opus which reads like a combined "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover." It ought to make a wonderful film, although the movie-makers may have a little difficulty with the scene where the Love Goddess, attired only in a cobra, dances before the young prince. The episode where the terrified horse and the ravening tiger collide in mid-air should be easier.

The locale is the tiny South Indian principality of Deori. Before the beginning of time it belonged to a small, dark people whose descendants still live an aboriginal life in the forests of Deori. After the Gonds came the Dravidians, and then the Aryans. But now, in 1890, the British sun is at its zenith over India. In keeping with the times, the prince, who will ascend to the throne as soon as the plots of a wicked uncle are defeated, has been sent to Sandhurst to complete his education. The twenty-year-old Mohan returns home, an "awakening personality . . . ready to seed." Below his summer home a dam is going up, and Mohan is faintly interested in the benefits new irrigation will bring to his people. But unfocused and bored, he is more concerned with his new cricket pitch and with his relations with Charles Kendrick, the cold British Resident, and Kendrick's artist-wife, Barbara.

Then comes Love, in the shapely

(*Continued on page* 41)

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ARTISTS AND ARCHITECTURE

Those Who Speak in Steel and Stone

The Masters of World Architecture series, published by George Braziller, makes its debut with six volumes costing $3.95 each: ***"Alvar Aalto," by Frederick Gutheim*** *(128 pp. 124 illus.),* ***"Le Corbusier," by Françoise Choay*** *(126 pp. 88 illus.),* ***"Antonio Gaudí," by George R. Collins*** *(136 pp. 152 illus.),* ***"Ludwig Mies van der Rohe," by Arthur Drexler*** *(127 pp. 122 illus.),* ***"Pier Luigi Nervi," by Ada Louise Huxtable*** *(128 pp. 133 illus.), and* ***"Frank Lloyd Wright," by Vincent Scully, Jr.*** *(125 pp. 128 illus.). Each volume contains an essay (some with notes), biographical summary, list of works, bibliography, and index. Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., compares their quality with that of other works on these architects. Mr. Kaufmann spent fifteen years in the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. His "Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Building," co-edited with Ben Raeburn, will be published on Wright's birthday next month.*

By EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.

A SERIES of inexpensive monographs in English on great modern architects has been lacking until now, although such have existed for some years in French and Italian, pocket sized and paper covered. How do these new, large volumes compare with the foreign series and with other architectural texts available in English on the same subjects?

One book of this series stands out in every way: George Collins's monograph on Antonio Gaudí, the maverick Catalan genius who lived from 1852 to 1926. Mr. Collins, an associate professor of fine arts at Columbia University, is enthusiastic about his subject, very well informed about him and his surrounding circumstances, and alert to sound reasons for the present-day interest in Gaudí as engineer, creative artist, and fantast. Gaudí, like his contemporary Cézanne, lived outside the artistic melting pots of his period. Like Cézanne's, his art was solidly structural, in contrast to the general estheticism of the era. Both men have been reappreciated by later generations and few would deny that each was a genius and a source of inspiration to his field. Mr. Collins has unearthed new facts about Gaudí, and tells the complicated story of his career with admirable ease and clarity. His interesting essay is augmented by ten pages of notes, as full of meat as a squirrel's winter cache. The illustrations are good for the most part and include hitherto unpublished material. But the six color plates are unfortunate, particularly because Gaudí was one of the rare masters of color in architecture. A clearer visual image of Gaudí's works with more and better color but French text is available in the United States for a pittance in the pocket series called Astra-Arengarium. However, Mr. Collins's "Antonio Gaudí" is a necessary book on every visual arts shelf.

The publisher has granted ampler treatment in text and illustration to the volume on Gaudí than to any other, indicating its special importance. In fact, the rest of the series is disappointing in comparison not only with Mr. Collins's book but also with what is available on these subjects at similar, if not lesser, cost and with more valuable insights. Aalto, the greatest living architect in the romantic vein; Wright, the colossal American genius and irritant; Mies, classicizer of steel structure; Le Corbusier, dazzling apostate of rational functionalism—these four men are surely among the masters of our times. Each receives more pages of text (with fewer pictures of course) in that big, perennially stimulating book by Sigfried Giedion, "Space, Time and Architecture," than in the allotted new monograph of this series. Professor Giedion's book was enlarged and revised for a third edition in 1954, a fact ignored in all the bibliographies of Masters of World Architecture, and it costs little more than three of the new volumes! The four master architects named occupy a small fraction of "Space, Time and Architecture's" far-ranging text; though works after 1954 will be lacking, a canny purchaser might prefer one big, important volume, well printed, to four monographs of lesser quality.

Vincent Scully, associate professor at Yale, is normally the best writer on the history of American architecture but his book on Wright reveals one great lack: Scully seems space-blind. The core of Wright's architecture is space. It is as if one color-blind were to interpret Matisse. As an occasional essay Scully's text may have value, for it vividly counters the exaggerated claims to originality and independence that Wright flaunted to annoy his enemies and to cheer his lonely course, battle cries of a slugging insurgent. Trying to debunk Wright's claims, Scully fails to focus on the essentials of Wright's works, and in his space-blindness cannot be expected to do so. A better overall view of Wright, just as objective and up to date, can be found in two lengthy passages of Henry-Russell Hitchcock's monumental volume, "Architecture: Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries."

Arthur Drexler of the Museum of Modern Art, writing on Mies, cannot avoid comparison with Philip C. Johnson's monograph for the same museum on the same subject, still in print but

—*"Masters of World Architecture."*

Typical of Gaudi's design.

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more expensive. The new book is not so good as its thirteen-year-old predecessor. Mies's recent works are meagerly, foggily pictured, especially the magnificent project in concrete for Bacardi in Cuba. Moreover, Mr. Drexler understates the enduring role of neoclassicism in Mies, which relates his latest to his earliest works. Here, too, was an opportunity, but the author neglects it, to discuss Mies's wide influence in this country on architectural training and on glass-skinned, mass-production architecture.

Le Corbusier is eulogized by the French journalist Françoise Choay, in a very brief text, reasonably well translated, but she remains too close to her subject for clarity. The pictures are not very revealing, either. Still center of many an architectural storm, Le Corbusier speaks better for himself even in translation, and Professor Giedion is no mean apologist besides. Le Corbusier's work requires some rendition in color, not shown here but in an inexpensive, beautifully illustrated pocket volume from Astra-Arengarium.

Alvar Aalto is examined by a man long associated with the American Institute of Architects, Frederick Gutheim, who has visited Finland and knows Aalto. Although the works themselves and Aalto's drawings are powerfully dramatic, the pictures in this volume make them seem tame. Mr. Gutheim's text is largely factual, occasionally reaching abstract conclusions without exploring the architecture, the man, and their relations at large. Few modern architects pose as many fundamental problems to their profession and to the appreciative public, and few exert so strong an appeal, as Alvar Aalto —calling for a deeper probe than this.

Last we come to Ada Louise Huxtable's book on Nervi, a great creative engineer, a sure favorite in our civilization. Something went wrong. Perhaps the author, a skilled, wide-awake writer, was inhibited by the existence of two excellent recent monographs, "The Works of Pier Luigi Nervi," with many and good illustrations, and "Structures," a translation of Nervi's own book richly quoted in Mrs. Huxtable's text, though the translation is not cited in this connection. A capsule history of engineering through the ages, not convincingly related to Nervi's work, occupies a quarter of the text.

The vulgar jackets and bindings that characterize Masters of World Architecture seem unsuited to the contents, and the series as a whole has its share of misprints, mistranslations, and similar small flaws, but these need deter no one from acquiring one important and five passably useful volumes.

Midas with a Waxed Moustache

"The Case of Salvador Dali," by Fleur Cowles *(Little, Brown. 334 pp. $6.50), turns to the light the various, vivid facets of the surrealist painter's personality. Harold Rosenberg wrote "The Tradition of the New," which includes essays on twentieth-century art.*

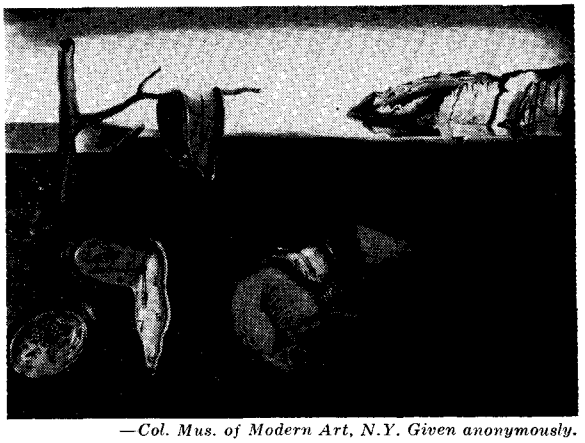
By Harold Rosenberg

WHEN at the age of thirty-eight (he is now fifty-six) Dali, already a world-famous painter, designer, and news figure, wrote his autobiography, he called it "The Secret Life of Savador Dali." The title is ironical, for no person of this century has led a life less hidden—and, one might add, a life less his own. Dali kisses his wife through a camera lens; but, then, she is also his business agent and the model of his painting "My Wife Nude."

It is not only that Dali is a genius of publicity (to whom one of his oldest painter friends suggested not long ago that he found a Publicity Academy), but that his entire personality, not merely his public image, is a product of "public relations." From childhood, his development took place as a collaboration with a succession of "publics," whose responses he learned to manage: first, his family and schoolmates; then, the Bohemians of Barcelona and Paris; at length, the popular press and international café society of the European capitals, New York, and Hollywood. In capturing each of these audiences Dali absorbed its style. Loud in his contempt for "modern art," especially since his turn to "religion" a decade ago, Dali is himself an excellent example of cubist collage, with a psyche composed of a strip of Spanish sky, pages of surrealist puns and double images, tabloid headlines, labels of perfume bottles, popular science diagrams, Sunday supplement high life. In him all of these retain their original nature. But the juxtaposition of peasant Spain and the *Daily Mirror* makes both appear abnormal, filling everyone, from Dali's father to the surrealists to his aristocratic patrons, with consternation. At the same time, his multiple sources equip Salvador Dali with the verbal and visual vocabulary needed to make him art's outstanding gagman.

As the popular version of the hurt child, the romantic foreigner, the great artist-eccentric, the visionary, the aristocrat, Dali has reached strata of the population, high and low, untouched by any other painter of his time. His "snapshots in color," as they were advertised in England, convinced equally the readers of the illustrated weeklies and of *Harper's Bazaar* that they were peeking into forbidden dreams. Full of fleshy shapes with overtones of cool lust, not too remote from the reveries on barbershop calendars, Dali's paintings were yet remindful of museum masterpieces. To enjoy Dali, no previous knowledge of painting was needed; yet here was one painter about whose technical skill and consciousness of past art, spectacularly displayed in his famous double images, there could be no doubt.

Dali's success began in the United States in the early Thirties. With the works of the futurists, the cubists, the surrealists, still so strange and new, Dali's canvases seemed to belong with the extreme vanguard. Playing on the ambiguity of the new principles and the new look, he created the oldest pictures in twentieth-century art. Thus he could be the intellectual tie between esthetic sophistication and tastes that either ignored contemporary painting



—Col. Mus. of Modern Art, N.Y. Given anonymously.

"The Persistence of Memory," by Salvador Dali.

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or loathed it: to Dali's chief patrons and collectors he is the greatest artist of the epoch, if not the only one.

"The Case of Salvador Dali," by Fleur Cowles (once editor of the magazine *Flair*, which flavored fashion advertising with surrealist writings and illustrations), is remarkable among contemporary art books. Though the author admires her subject to the point of falling into imitations of his postures ("The water [of the cape where the Dalis live] looks as if it had been commanded by Dali to stand motionless.") she has not produced the usual build-up of "the master." Amazingly hard-headed, Mrs. Cowles neither suppresses nor attempts to explain away matter that reflects badly on her hero, nor does she take the way out of high-sounding "art criticism." While her account lacks the continuity of biography, it envelops Dali and his career from so many different angles (including even testimonials of his leading collectors) that a portrait exactly suited to this all-public person at length appears. Even the repetitions unavoidable in such handling communicate a pertinent quality. With reproductions, photographs, glossaries, interpretations of symbols, quotations of critical comments on the artist, "The Case of Salvador Dali" presents about everything one may wish to know about this artist, short of his work itself.

Why the "case" of Dali? Mrs. Cowles is fascinated by the question "Is Dali mad?" In my opinion, there is little reason to be troubled on this score—unless turning into a hanger-on of Franco be taken as a sign of lunacy. Whatever may have been the origins of Dali's fantasies and moods, they have been professionalized through and through—and they work. Isn't that what we mean today by sanity?

A more pertinent question than Dali's madness would be, "Is Dali interesting?" At his best, he is the creator of an incomparable humor and parody; in his hands the clichés of the art studios have grown light and engaging. But his tendency has always been to overdo and to yield to the intellectually gross, perhaps out of contempt and fear of both his snob and his mass audiences; and his present talk about nuclear beatification, and the paintings that have come with it, are enormously tiresome. His recent "The Sacrament of the Last Supper" is one of the emptiest paintings of our time, even if, as the National Gallery boasts, reproductions and postcards of it outsell all others. Perhaps the case of Dali is that of a Midas of art-world lingo and attitudes who has exiled himself to a universe of soft watches and hard cash.

The Long Way from Vitebsk

"My Life," by Marc Chagall; *translated by Elisabeth Abbott (Orion Press. 179 pp. $6), which recalls the artist's first thirty-five years, explains much about the unique quality of his work. A contributing editor of Arts Magazine, Alfred Werner also writes frequently for SR.*

By Alfred Werner

A BIOGRAPHY of the eminent German expressionist painter Macke, who, like Chagall, was born in 1887, begins: "He was born at Meschede, which played no further role in his life." Quite by contrast, each of Chagall's biographers has stressed the enormous importance of Vitebsk in the spiritual and esthetic development of the Russian-Jewish artist, who himself found no better word of endearment for Paris, which has been his home for several decades, than calling it "Mon second Vitebsk." "My Life," written in Russian during the First World War, and concluded in Moscow in 1922, refers most tenderly to the author's native town, though others, less enamored, have described it as dirty and drab. Yet to young Chagall it appeared "simple and eternal, like the buildings in the frescoes of Giotto." With fascination, he watched the cavalcade in the ghetto street: "Around me come and go, turn and turn, or just trot along, all sorts of Jews . . . A beggar runs towards his house, a rich man goes home . . ."

Jewish orthodox life has long ceased to flourish in Eastern Europe, and Chagall's *oeuvre*, as an artist and as a writer, now provides the most accessible poetic survey of this virtually buried civilization, along with the nostalgic memoirs by the artist's late wife, Bella, published here in an English translation, as "Burning Lights," in 1946. It was Bella Chagall, also indigenous to Vitebsk, who made the French translation of her husband's autobiography upon which this English version by Elisabeth Abbott is based. To understand Chagall's pictures, their allusions to folklore, their "craziness," their blending of mild sadness with whimsical humor, one must read his brief, yet most expressive text, covering the master's first thirty-five years.

Chagall grew up among simple, hard-working people with huge families, whose only recreation was afforded by their holidays, with the ecstatic prayers in the synagogue and the extended meals at the festive home. There were no movies, but there was a lot of singing and fiddling, and Marc himself took lessons from a local violinist, and even dreamt of studying at a conservatory and becoming a virtuoso. Or he might, perhaps, be a dancer, or a poet . . .

In his artistic work he was to combine successfully all of these budding talents, but what an uphill struggle it was for a ghetto boy to become one of Europe's most celebrated painters! We read of the parents' bewilderment upon learning of Marc's decision; of his poverty-stricken, hunted life as an art student in Csarist St. Petersburg, and of the shy provincial's hegira to dazzling Paris, where he immediately went to the Salon des Indépendants. There are candid chapters on the Russian interlude (1914-1922), about the uncomfortable desk job held by this Russian counterpart to the notorious Soldier Schweik, and on his artistically rich, yet troubled life during the early years of the Bolshevik regime. He and his wife lived on herring and kasha, and there was not enough milk for their

(*Continued on page* 42)

—*From the book.*

Chagall's "Man Sitting on Roof Eating Carrots."

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Triumph Over the Bully

THE BUSINESS of coping with bullies comes close to being the oldest business in the world. Most men have neither the desire nor the stomach for altercation or domination. Those who do frequently have been able to prey on the others. Sometimes, as in the case of the American West, the bullies would put themselves above the law, using guns as the source of both authority and immunity.

The individual may have been no match for the bully; but several hundred men could come together and make the decisions that would provide for the common safety. They could draw up the rules of the game, designate those who would have the authority to carry arms, and establish qualified men to guard against the abuse of power. In this way, through law, the weak became strong and the domain of bullies was ended.

In a curious sense, the advent of total power has pushed the entire human race back to the time when men were at the mercy of bullies; that is, a time when government either did not exist or was incapable of dealing with lawlessness. The dominant condition of mankind today is anarchy. Whatever the forms of law and order in today's world may be, they have only limited validity. For these forms exist only inside the nation. But the overriding danger to life comes from the absence of authority over the nation itself. In the absence of a higher tribunal, a nation interprets for itself the requirements of justice. It inevitably pursues its own self-interest in contact with other nations. And a nation knows no law except self-determination. But the self-determination of one nation is the anarchy of all. And the ultimate consequences of world anarchy on the individual are even more menacing than they would be inside the nation itself. For the end product of world anarchy could mean the end of the age of man, whereas anarchy inside the nation might inflict its harm only on a limited number.

The individual in today's world, therefore, can no longer look to the nation as the main source of his security. It is able no longer to protect him against invasion or assault from other nations. It is able no longer to furnish the main conditions of his growth or to safeguard his values or institutions or culture or property. No matter how wide the oceans that surround the nation, no matter how bristling its defenses, its people are totally vulnerable to shattering attack. The nation possesses retaliatory power, true, but even in the exercise of that power it engages in a form of self-assault, for power in today's world is directed against the delicate and precarious conditions that make existence possible, and, indeed, against the mainstream of life itself.

It becomes necessary, then, for the nation to develop new means of performing its historic role. If the existence of force can no longer serve as the main source of a nation's security, something else will have to take its place if human society is to be able to endure and function.

As in the case of the individual or the group confronted by the bully, the need is for enough peoples to come together to determine how to protect themselves in the light of existing conditions, and how to establish whatever new approaches or agencies may be required for the common safety. The new power that must be brought into being is power in its most natural form. It is the power represented by human will—the power of consensus. Out of it can come the energy and momentum for building a new flooring for human society. Out of it, too, can come workable checks on heretofore uncontrolled force.

This leads to a paradox. The individual wants to create something beyond the nation that can give him the protections once afforded by the nation, yet the nation itself is his only instrumentality for achieving it. The only place an individual can find firm footing for a stand is inside a nation; how, therefore, can he be effective outside the nation?

Just as there is a concept of natural law that transcends the state; so there is a concept of natural will that can transcend the nation. A new force that is emerging in the world is the force of world public opinion. It is as yet without formal channels or organs of expression. No matter; it is a developing new power and it is becoming increasingly audible. Public opinion inside the nation is at its most powerful when it is concerned with questions of justice or overriding moral issues. Similarly, world public opinion can make its power felt on the big questions that have moral content or that are concerned with the rational means of safeguarding human life.

No freedom is more meaningful for the individual of a free society than to use that freedom in a cause that is not confined to the nation. He can use his footing inside the nation to work for a consensus inside the nation, one that can lead to effective commitments by the nation to an ordered society.

It is not necessary for the nation to be dissolved in order to create a situation of safety on earth. It is necessary only for national sovereignty to be made meaningful, to eliminate those attributes that add up to world anarchy and to assure and underwrite those that add up to national responsibility. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RIGHT ADDRESS

THE EDITORIAL "Of Death and One Man" [*SR*, April 23] is profound and moving. Its effect goes far beyond the case of Caryl Chessman or the issue of capital punishment. It is an inspiring reaffirmation of the principle that we must each assume personal responsibility for the state of our nation and the acts of our society. This principle cannot be stated too often in this fragmented society of ours.

I have been connected with the Chessman case since 1954, and I have followed it carefully. I participated in Governor Brown's clemency hearing of October 15, 1959. I hope, therefore, that you will bear with me when I take issue with one detail in the editorial. The address to which communications urging clemency should be sent still is, as it always has been: Governor Edmund G. Brown, State Capitol, Sacramento 14, California.

The normal course in cases where clemency is considered is the following: the Governor holds a clemency hearing; if he decides in favor of clemency and if the condemned man has a prior felony conviction, then the Governor is obliged to refer the case with the record of his hearing to the State Supreme Court for its recommendation. Invariably, the Supreme Court, in such cases, has concurred and made a positive recommendation.

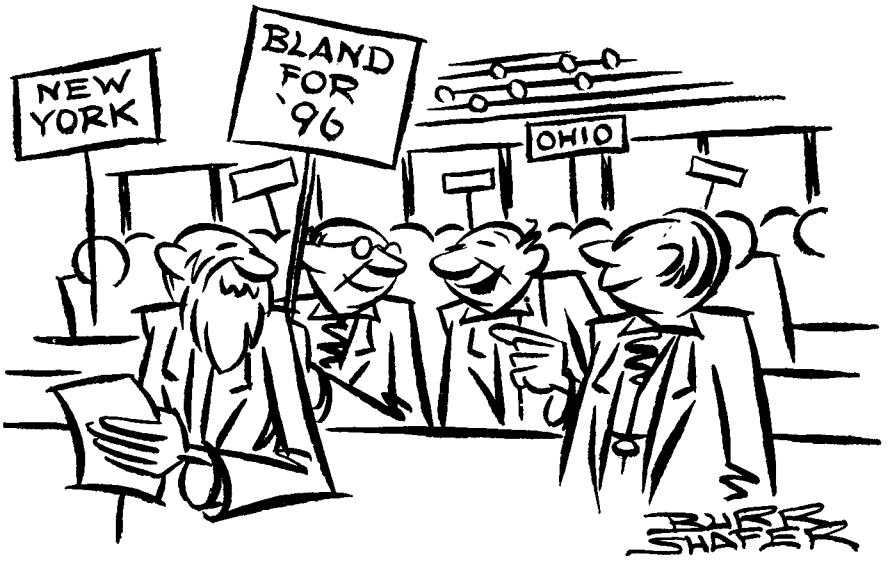
The problem in the Chessman case is that in October, 1959, the Governor decided to refuse clemency. The confusion and turmoil that have since developed around the Chessman case are a direct result of this ill-advised decision by Governor Brown.

When the State Supreme Court considered the case on Feburary 17 and 18, 1960, it was on the basis of a direct appeal by Chessman's attorney and not by referral from the Governor. The only expression of opinion by the Governor that it could refer to was his statement of October 19, 1959, refusing commutation. Up to the late hours of February 18, 1960, the Governor gave no indication that he had changed his mind on the question of commutation. The Governor still has given no such indication, and is apparently standing pat.

I think that we do the cause of Caryl Chessman and the cause of abolition of capital punishment a disservice by diverting attention from the Governor's crucial role in this case onto the Supreme Court, which never initiates clemency action, and which, in addition, is not responsive to public pressure.

I am convinced that if the Governor were to refer the case today to the Supreme Court with the statement that he favors commutation, the Supreme Court would ratify his decision. Never in the history of California has the Supreme Court refused to concur in a Governor's decision to grant clemency.

ISIDORE ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"It's all set, boys. Just one more speech by some fellow named Bryan—and then our candidate gets the nomination."

"MAZE OF LIES"

So N.C. too has joined the Chessman club. I cannot believe that he wrote that twisted maze of lies in the April 23 editorial. . . . I feel sure that if he consented to the publication of the article, he did so with a revolver pressed against his head.

ALFRED E. KRUMSIEK.
Granite City, Ill.

STILL GUILTY

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND why N.C. has felt it necessary to take up Caryl Chessman's case. The man was fairly convicted and has had about twelve years' reprieve due to various legal motions. Certainly if there were anything improper about the trial or the verdict, it would have been turned up by this time. . . . The verdict was "guilty"; now the sentence should be carried out.

LAURANCE B. RAND.
New York, N. Y.

LAW OR SENTIMENT?

NEVER CAN I recall having been so disillusioned with a writer and editor as I am with N.C. His nobility of thought and skill in expression have been prostituted.

There is a world of law and a world of sentiment. When sentiment takes precedence over law, the result is anarchy.

If just enough whimpering "moms" will write enough governors and supreme courts, we can have our society operated by the whim of the most obtrusive pen-wielding mobs. Due process of law is after all a rather idealistic dream of a group of somewhat impractical tract writers. Law is not really law, I take it, but a collection of "technicalities" set up to play the game of "clearing away."

That is exactly what all the groups and forces N.C. has always seemed to oppose believe: that *law* is a thing to use when convenient—until it is more convenient to discard it and call in sentiment. One's own sentimental impulses are naturally always good. Those of the man with a different political persuasion—Communist, Fascist, or what have you—are quite naturally bad. And next year some editor with differing views may be urging his readers to write governmental authorities urging "technicalities" be cleared away so a man, freed by a jury, can be executed anyway.

It is one thing to speak out for principle. If N.C. wants the people of California to vote against capital punishment, one can't object to his using the columns of *SR* to say so. The California legislature had its chance; and I suspect the majority of them are as concerned over problems of right and wrong as he who asks that his readers try to override them. But it is quite another thing to use an editorship to champion the specific cause of an oft-convicted criminal on the mere argument that he has decided he symbolizes something. This is, in my view, no different from championing Hitler because he symbolized a struggle against world Communism. Making a man a symbol doesn't change what he really is.

If the community of men of good will can't find better symbols than Caryl Chessman to make focal points for their struggles, may all the powers that be have mercy upon our poor, damned hopes.

WILLIAM F. COMBELLICK.
Chicago, Ill.

MISSING INGREDIENTS

I AM GRATEFUL to *SR* for the editorial on Caryl Chessman's death sentence and grateful to the thousands who are trying to

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have his sentence commuted. I am one of these. . . .

The U. S. penal system seems to be based on fear and revenge—"an eye for an eye"—and is totally lacking in love and forgiveness.

IZETTE DE FOREST.

Marlborough, N. H.

CHESSMAN AS A SYMBOL

THE EDITORIAL on Chessman spoke for me. It spoke for *individuals*, in a public and in a world bent on destroying individuals, as we now plan to destroy Caryl Chessman. N.C. spoke for me with a brilliance and sweep of vision that made me weep.

I am Caryl Chessman and his executioners. I share in his scheduled death. As a member of society I help kill Caryl Chessman. As an individual I die with him. For I accept fully the principles N.C. sees so clearly. They are utterly true.

Whatever Caryl Chessman's motives, and whatever the particular facts of his case, he is perhaps the most important symbol in our generation of both its diseases and its potential for good. Whether he dies or not he will win. The difference is that if he dies, we (society) will have made ourselves no less foul than the autocrat of Hell. And we shall be killing ourselves, as we are doing with our atoms.

Humanity is in Chessman's debt. He is indeed symbolic of a man's right to the gift of life so long as natural circumstances make it possible. He is symbolic also of the power of "resonant sounds of public concern" as expressed through individuals. For if Chessman lives, the faith of millions of individuals all over the world, that the ultimate power for *good* rests in the free individual and in his free voice, will be proved. . . .

GLEN MACKENZIE.

Regina, Saskatchewan

DEATH AND MORALITY

BRAVO TO N.C. for his editorial "Of Death and One Man." My opinions on the subject completely agree with his. I think that capital punishment in any form or for any reason is, to say the least, without logic, and certainly immoral and unethical.

ELIZA RODEWALD.

Clayton, Mo.

MAN'S STATURE

I AGREE, somewhat reluctantly, with the conclusion reached in "Of Death and One Man."

My reluctance to concur in the view that Chessman's life should be spared results from my firm belief (a) that Chessman is guilty of the charges preferred against him, (b) that he has been accorded a full measure of the safeguards of "due process of law" to which our Anglo-American legal system entitles him, and (c) that he is far less worthy to receive a dispensation of mercy than many other criminals.

But, despite these misgivings, and despite my contempt for Chessman as a man, I am willing to accept his case, weak though it may be in personal merit, as a *cause célèbre* that may awaken the conscience of the American people to the inhumanity of capital punishment, that uncivilized anachronism which reduces the moral stature of all men everywhere.

D. E. HUDGINS.

Greensboro, N. C.

INSIGNIFICANT

I HAVE ALWAYS admired *SR's* editorial position and the content of many of the articles appearing in the magazine. But the editorial (or should I call it a plea?) on Caryl Chessman astounds me. The thought expressed follows closely the spineless, bleeding-heart philosophy which is rampant today and which, I am convinced, is seriously undermining whatever moral force we were so proud of in the past.

The editorial is insidious in that in the beginning I sensed it would be a moral justification for the execution of Mr. Chessman; instead it leads by slow steps to the defense of this depraved sex pervert and goes on to make a plea for saving him—even to the extent of listing the proper address for the pleas to save this criminal.

And it certainly minimizes his crime. According to *SR*, it was a simple act of forcing a woman to satisfy Chessman's desires against her will. Nowhere do you express any sympathy for one of his victims whose life has been ruined and whose family's life obviously has been ruined by her commitment to an insane asylum. It seems these days there is a general tendency to pity poor criminals without regard to their crimes or their depraved mental conditions.

Until we in this country return to a moral position of proper punishment for crimes committed and until we stop letting the bleeding hearts all over the world dictate our conduct, we will continue to become weaker not only in our approach to domestic problems but also in the eyes of the rest of the world. Let's quit worrying about so insignificant a thing as this depraved sex pervert and start concentrating on ideas of more importance to our country's future.

A. B. DALLY.

Arlington Heights, Ill.

GRAVE NEW WORLD?

N.C.'S STAND against capital punishment is neither especially laudable nor surprising; it is to be merely expected on the part of any morally sensitive, straight-thinking individual. What is surprising is the singularly ill-timed, ill-conceived editorial "Of Death and One Man." In dignifying the miserable case for Caryl Chessman, N.C. sadly degrades his own editorial function.

As a member of society, I am willing to assume my individual responsibility in the Chessman mess, but I dislike having anyone rub my nose in it. The editorial points out that the man did not commit murder; but, as the records of his trial make abundantly clear, there are crimes more odious than murder. The evidence is overwhelming that Chessman was guilty of such crimes and that he is a monster, although a clever and arrogant one. But perhaps these are "side issues." On the other hand, granting that it may be more humane to rehabilitate a mad dog than to kill him, must we also glorify him with martyrdom?

What cannot be dismissed as "side issues" are the suggestions that mass opinion—aroused by sensationalism—is a valid moral determinant and that "the public is essentially the magnification of the individual." If and when either suggestion proves true, God help us for we shall have arrived at Huxley's "Brave New World."

EARLE G. LABOR.

Shreveport, La.

LAST CAUSE

IF YOU CANNOT get a better cause to espouse than Caryl Chessman, I really think you are scraping the bottom of the barrel of humanity. There is no person on earth (now that Hitler is dead) who has less potential for arousing my sympathy than this so-called specimen of humanity. . . . Perhaps if the victim had been one of N.C.'s loved ones, his heart would not beat with such tender compassion.

CAROL WALTRIP.

Chicago, Ill.

WRONG MARTYR

RE THE EDITORIAL "Of Death and One Man": From your detached and distant seat you probably have no trouble deciding in Chessman's favor. In this area there are many people who do not feel so coolly about it. Some of them know the family of the girl (one of his victims), who has been in a mental hospital ever since her shocking experience with this man, who has managed, by his mere ability to write well, to make a martyr of himself.

I am firmly against capital punishment. But let our state vote against the law—not for or against a criminal. If we could make life imprisonment really "stick" there would be no need for capital punishment. However, in the case of sex criminals especially, after a few years they are turned loose on the public (supposedly cured), only to repeat their crime—often in a more terrible and fatal way. I sat on a jury where such a man was tried here in Oakland. He and his lawyer almost painted him clean. We nearly voted "not guilty" but luckily it turned the other way. After the trial we were told the man was an habitual sex offender. People are seldom cured of that.

If we have to have a martyr in this business of capital punishment, I can think of many less guilty people than Chessman. Think how you would feel were you the father of the girl in the mental hospital.

ELMA DEAN.

Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two hours before this issue went to press, Caryl Chessman was put to death. He maintained his innocence to the end. His life is not more important than the life of any person awaiting execution by the State. But he did force society to think about its right to punish by killing. This does not make him a hero; but the question of heroism is irrelevant. He had a point to make and he made it.*

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TV AND RADIO

A Change of Diet

CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

LAND'S END, Cornwall's nearest point to the United States, is not far from here; and as I write these words I seem to hear passing through the blue-gray mist veiling the Atlantic the familiar refrain of the American television industry, warning its critics that if only "serious" programs were given over the home networks, viewers would simply refuse to watch, and the value of the medium would be utterly destroyed. A talk I had recently in Paris, with Mr. Jean Meyer-Oulif, Director of Research for *La Radiodiffusion Television Française,* offers some interesting evidence to refute this contention. France has approximately a million and a half television homes. The RTF is the country's only broadcasting system, and it is government-operated; there is no commercial sponsorship of programs. When television was begun there in 1950, France had government radio, but its set owners for years had also been on the receiving end of a several European commercial chains that beamed a steady diet of disk jockeys and commercials.

The French televiewers, their tastes heavily influenced by the surrounding popular broadcasts, originally resisted much of the RTF programming, Mr. Meyer-Oulif told me. Their complaint was not strange to American ears. "We bought our TV sets for pleasure," they said. "We come home tired. We want varieties. Don't give us boring things like symphonies and literary discussions." This attitude was known to the French research director because of an intensive study of French viewing. Since the French broadcasters are not competitive, they are not exclusively preoccupied with merely counting sets tuned in to specific programs. Their telephone, mail, and direct interview questionnaires elicit audience response for a "Satisfaction Index." "How did you like the program?" asks one query. "Was it excellent, very good, good, mediocre, bad, or very bad?" In those early days of telecasting, when French viewers exhibited a hardly surprising predilection for the lighter kinds of programs, the RTF did not capitulate by "giving the people what they want." Against a cultural tradition rather celebrated for its passionate esteem of democracy, Mr. Meyer-Oulif let the set owners vent their spleen, and passed on his findings to his production associates.

The French producers, following his suggestions, sought ways and means of making their "serious" shows lighter in tone and more attractive to watch. The fault, they reasoned, was not only in their audience — it was equally in them; and it challenged them to communicate more effectively. Three years ago, nearly 95 per cent of the French set owners preferred variety shows. Today, according to Mr. Meyer-Oulif's latest confidential report to his chief, the figures have shifted markedly downward for variety and upward for the more serious offerings. The Satisfaction Index for news has gone up. Information programs rank high. Drama is very high, with a clear preference for the classics, including Shakespeare and Racine. Nor is this preference limited to the set owners in and near Paris; it is shared by viewers in other French cities.

Science programs rate as high as, and often higher than, variety shows. There are no top ten shows; audience favor is more uniformly distributed than in the United States. One of the most popular programs is a cooking show, which has achieved a satisfaction index of 71 per cent. Quiz shows achieve a Satisfaction Index of 60 per cent—less than drama. The fact that French television has not perished because the RTF has sought to modify rather than slavishly to follow public taste may merely substantiate what American broadcasters often asserted years ago; namely, that "Television is so powerful, people will even watch a good show."

THE French viewer is surrendering his leisure to the screen's tyranny as willingly as the average American or Briton. French TV is usually on, during the week, from 12:30 to 2:30 P.M., and from 7 to 11:30 P.M. (on Sundays the schedule is extended a few hours). Nevertheless, despite this relatively limited schedule, the children generally are before the sets from one hour to two and a half hours per day; and the adults average three and a half hours per day. The French viewer admits that TV is replacing all other distractions in the home.

TV's despotism however is considered benevolent by the French set owner (and he is joined in this view by the RTF research director, who takes an optimistic line about TV's impact on French culture). The argument runs that television is opening new worlds of experience to the set owner and making him mentally more active. The availability of only one channel presumably makes the viewer more critical and forces him to make a real choice (to watch or not to watch), instead of simply following the path of habit, as he is more inclined to do when he has two or more channels from which to choose. Audience research, however, often produces paradoxes, and French television is not exempt. One of Mr. Meyer-Oulif's paradoxes is that his presumably more critical viewers, when asked to name a drama that pleased them, almost invariably give the name of the very last program they have seen, thereby suggesting more about retentive power than about taste.

PARADOXES nothwithstanding, however, the RTF looks forward to a maximum audience of about ten million sets. A vast new television center is being built in Paris, and TV is wrecking the movie business in France. Intellectuals, typically, take a very dim view of television. They deprecate as less than art any medium that lives and dies in haste. French intellectuals, however, like their counterparts abroad, are not averse to appearing frequently on French television. In the wings, meanwhile, wait patiently the "bad guys," the commercial interests. A second TV channel is nearing completion in France. Newspaper publishers have lobbied in Parliament for an alternative commercial operation to the RTF. The demand has been debated—and rejected. But the lobbying continues. One publisher, I was told, hired a talented RTF professional and kept him on the payroll for eighteen months without asking him to do a lick of work, the alleged objectives of such shenanigans being to weaken the RTF, and to have talent in the bag when the sponsors' day arrives.

Nevertheless, the French TV "good guys" have their bureaucratic sins, too. Recently, the RTF directorship was open. Appeals were made to the Ministry of Information to appoint an outstanding French intellectual, the late Albert Camus, perhaps, or Jean Cocteau. The appeals were rejected. A career member of the government was given the chief television post. On his first visit to a TV staff officer, he apologized for his ignorance of the RTF operations. "You see," explained the new chief of television, "I have never seen a television program."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

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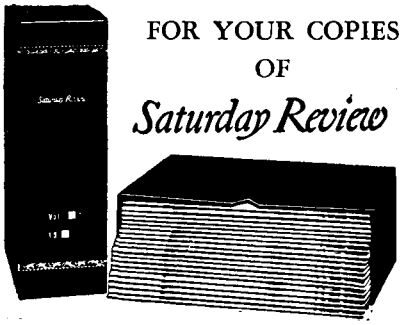

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Love Among the Untouchables

YOU MAY add to your list of geographically exotic musicals a stale chappaty about India called **"Christine."** This new work, adapted by Pearl Buck and Charles K. Peck, Jr., from Hilda Wernher's "My Indian Family," sets itself two tasks. The first is to explore the conflict between ancient Indian traditions and those of the modern world. The second is to tell a pathetic, profoundly human story about a mother who falls in love with the husband of her recently deceased daughter.

But the whole business is approached unimaginatively with operetta dialogue, a lack of surprise, and a disappointing failure to give us more than the surface of a conflict about which the authors show little attitude. Furthermore, the show is performed so tepidly and with such stultifying benevolence that the proceedings only occasionally threaten to come alive.

Two of these occasions are donated by a casual young welterweight named Bhaskar when, with a truly Eastern stoicism and detachment, he steps front and center to execute some intensely vivid Indian dances. Mr. Bhaskar, who does not look as "Indian" as some of the Broadway members of the cast, appears unusually well coordinated and capable of doing with his body anything you might ask and a little more. The show's only other recess from ordinariness comes when Maureen O'Hara, playing a bereaved and untouchable Irish grandmother a long way from home who has been having a thankless time of it, suddenly throws aside the burdens of her role to dance an Irish jig with a couple of turbaned Indians. For a brief instant, East and West are delightfully and musically merged.

Morley Meredith plays the romantic Indian widower with about as much dash as a sententious zombie. And Miss O'Hara, who turns out to have a pleasant singing voice, never really recovers from her first awkward moment of grief.

In musical comedies, Irish lasses seem to fare better when they travel West. At least the current revival of **"Finian's Rainbow"** would seem to bear out this axiom. For Burton Lane's score rings out even more richly than one had remembered it, and with each succeeding bull's-eye asks us why it is that this talented composer has not been represented on Broadway in the thirteen years since "Finian's Rainbow" opened. Yip Harburg's lyrics are still appropriately fanciful. And the story mixes Irish fantastical charm and blunt but humorous antisegregationist propaganda that remains timely and pertinent in more than just a few of these United States.

This revival also offers us the chance to see two British stars. Jeannie Carson is revealed as a scrawny redhead with a deliciously appealing natural style. And Bobby Howes shuffles relaxedly but effectively through the title role. But individual performances are overshadowed by the dancing ensemble, which performs inspiredly under Herbert Ross's direction, and by the consistently listenable quality of the musical score.

ANOTHER revival also features the dancers' contribution. In **"West Side Story,"** which has returned to town with most of the original cast, the work of Jerome Robbins and the young men who play the juvenile delinquents remains startlingly perfect and spontaneous, with every action well designed and finished off. The show's two principals, Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert, have gained in assurance and skill since the show opened three seasons ago, and this compensates for the decreased effectiveness of some of the supporting performances. Stephen Sondheim's and Leonard Bernstein's "Gee, Officer Krupke" is still the best number, managing as it does to be both hilarious entertainment and at the same time to emerge from the lives of the characters who sing and dance it.

Among the infrequent rewards in the new revue **"From A to Z"** is Eliott Reid's very funny impersonation of a society columnist cheerfully explaining his gay new project of taking groups of "fun people" to visit the trouble spots of the world. As a fillip he comments, "There's a vast reservoir of anti-American feeling we haven't begun to tap." Add to this a bizarre sketch in which two boys on the loose have the tables turned on them by a succession of girls (each looking and acting like Groucho Marx), and a parody of "The Sound of Music" which is only really funny when Hermione Gingold is mimicking the heroine's Pollyannaish sweetness, and you have the most substantial parts of this otherwise somewhat thin and flavorless alphabet soup.—HENRY HEWES.

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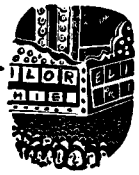

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Jeux D'Artifice

NO MATTER how ecstatically lyricists may hymn the praises of New York, whenever a playwright cuts loose on the same subject he heads for the seamy side. The poet, well up in the clouds, sees the tapering tips of the glass-and-concrete towers; the playwright pokes out his people from the garbage in the gutter. To be sure, both the towers and the garbage are real. Both are part of the New York scene. But "reality," at least as it is understood today, springs from the life of the gutter; and it is this life that is explored (or rather examined) in the William Perlberg-George Seaton production of Garson Kanin's **"The Rat Race."**

Although Mr. Kanin is a wry and acute observer, he seems more comfortable with details rather than depth perception. His central characters, a saxophone player fresh from the Middle West and a dance hall cutie wilting under the burden of perpetual insolvency, invite a wide range of colorful backgrounds and off-beat situations. In addition, they are the kind of characters likely to meet other characters—hipsters, shysters, garrulous landladies, affable bartenders, shady denizens of the dime-a-dance ballrooms, and the fringe world of jazz musicians. As a result, "The Rat Race" maintains a sort of wonderama approach to the sordid. Ironically, it resolves its boy-and-girl conflict by urging them both to face "reality."

But if the script is slim and the people in it superficially drawn, the fact remains that the picture teems with New York types and situations, giving it a vibrancy and tingle that lift it above its basic limitations. Observation, after all, is a function not only of the playwright but of the camera—and here director Robert Mulligan has caught with exceptional skill an impromptu jam session picked up from room to room across the air shaft of a tenement flat, the bleak impersonality of a Broadway rehearsal studio, the neon glitter of a cheap dance hall. He has been helped considerably by the persuasive performances of his stars, Tony Curtis and Debbie Reynolds (in her first straight role); and even more by the adroitly cast supporting types—Jack Oakie, Kay Medford, comedian Don Rickles as a marvelously reptilian dance hall proprietor, jazz pianist Joe Bushkin as an unscrupulous jazz pianist, and Gerry Mulligan as Gerry Mulligan. It is just possible that in black and white all of this might have added up to Hollywood neo-realism. Technicolor, however, so gilds the lily as to emphasize its essential artificiality.

Artificiality of another sort hobbles **"Crack in the Mirror,"** which Richard Fleischer directed for Darryl Zanuck. It starts with the murder of Orson Welles by his mistress, Juliette Greco, and her lover, Bradford Dillman, then switches to an identical triangle on a higher social plane, but again involving Welles, Greco, and Dillman. Through one of those quirks of fate beloved by script writers, the upper-class Dillman defends the lower-class Greco in the ensuing murder trial, while chasing after the upper-class Greco, who is the mistress of the upper-class Welles. The rationale behind this bit of cinematic hocus-pocus is that Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin. But because in all three instances it is the *same* skin, you find yourself waiting for the lower-class Greco to tell the upper-class Dillman, "You look just like my boy friend when he has his hair combed." Under the circumstances, the actors do remarkably well, and Mr. Fleischer has photographed the Parisian backgrounds with a candor that suggests a close study of current French films.

AT the risk of turning this into an essay on artifice, some mention of the fine art of dubbing seems in order, particularly since it reaches new heights of absurdity in the Russian version of **"Othello,"** currently in distribution here as part of the Soviet-American cultural exchange program. Dubbing, of course, is the process by which the voice of one actor on the sound track is matched to the lip movements of another actor on the screen. Generally, this involves a considerable revision of the original text so that vowels and consonants emerge in reasonably close synchronization with the action despite the shift in language. Shakespeare, however, is not to be played around with. There could be no shifts in words, no rearrangement of sentences, few abridgements or elisions. And the result on the screen is sheer insanity. The actors mouth their lines, and words come out that have not the slightest relation to the lip movements (or, what is no less disconcerting, with an occasional, adventitious coincidence for a syllable or two). At times the Russians have finished their speeches, but the English actors have not, and the lines run on even though the characters supposedly saying them no longer speak. And whenever the film lapses into song, as in the tavern where Cassio assaults Roderigo, the original Russian track has been retained!

What makes this all so disappointing is the fact that, visually, this "Othello" is most impressive. Director Sergei Yutkevich, who also prepared the adaptation, added sequences, transposed scenes, and moved great sections of the play out of doors, opening it out in much the same manner that Laurence Olivier reworked "Henry V." The settings are spacious, the costumes resplendent, the color rich but subdued, and Aram Khachaturian has contributed a score that can stand alone on its own merits. The acting, while a bit emphatic by our standards, is uniformly in the grand manner, and frequently quite affecting—particularly Irina Skobtseva's pliant, bewildered Desdemona.

One wonders about the alternatives. The readings of the English company are barely more than adequate; but even if they were inspired, is dubbing the best way to handle a work of this kind? Might not subtitles have been better? They are inevitably sketchy, to be sure—but they are also relatively unobtrusive, and everyone knows "Othello" anyway. Or perhaps the translation of a classic into another tongue is one film technique that resists success. In any event, this latest item of cultural exchange is neither fish nor fowl—impossible for the commercial circuits, intolerable for any art house audience.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Stage of Martha Graham

WHAT LADIES of the theatre might undertake in a week's repertory to impersonate Clytemnestra, Alcestis, and Jocasta (among others)? Dame Judith Anderson? Possibly. Katharine Cornell? Hardly. Martha Graham? Certainly—as she has been during her spring season in 54th Street Theatre (Joan of Arc also made an appearance, but not with Miss Graham).

To speak of Miss Graham as phenomenal is to borrow terms from the dusty past, even before she turned major attention to deities, martyrs, and saints. But to speak of her as a phenomenon is merely to give her what is due to her today—recognition as the longest continuing influence this country has known in her field, to which she has made contributions of surpassing value in the dual role of creator-performer (not to mention *propagandist, fund-raiser, international* emissary, etc.).

It is, however, just her special rank as creator-performer which gives some concern for the future of the stage she has made her own, the repertory she has self-created, self-perpetuated. Her present company is probably the most versatile she has yet developed (some past groups had individuals of more power). But if a work of the moment does not provide for her own participation, it is clear that a Martha Graham company is another, and lesser, thing than Martha Graham and company.

Such an instance was "Seraphic Dialogue," the Joan of Arc projection mentioned previously, in which Linda Hodes portrays Joan, with Mary Hinkson depicting part of her character as Maid, Helene McGehee another part as Warrior, and Matt Turney (wholly female despite the misleading first name) as Martyr. All of these are excellent dancers, and Miss Hodes in particular has bent herself to the Graham discipline to the extent that she can execute its movements as well as, if not better than, the innovator herself. But where is inner fire, concentration, conviction—the whole host of colorations and pulsations which mark the difference between re-creation and imitation? To this view, mainly absent.

However, this is not precisely a new fact in the world that revolves around movement. Nobody could take the place of Mary Wigman when that great lady, in her time, was off the stage of an evening's entertainment; and the Kreutzberg repertory seems to have faded along with him. Others of their contemporaries have been more fortunate in creating choreography "on" others, rather than in the image of themselves. Thus Tudor, Balanchine, de Mille, or Ashton, for reasons that might have to do with the differences between objectivity and subjectivity.

When she was not wrestling with the major mysteries posed by Greek mythology, Miss Graham found time to investigate a relatively minor mystery of her own time in a new work entitled "Acrobats of God." This is an oblique reference to "early Church Fathers, who subjected themselves to the discipline of the Desert" and were thus known as *athletae Dei*. Miss Graham's penitents inhabit not the desert, but an oasis on East 63rd Street where she has her working quarters. The mystery with which she is concerned may be stated: Why, oh why, do people go to so much trouble to become dancers?

To be sure, choreographers have been enticed by this mystery, each in his or her own way, for some time—Angna Enters, Agnes de Mille, Tudor, Robbins, all have had their say on the subject. Miss Graham's differs in being more than wryly satirical: it has some overtones of parody which may be quite purposeful. Among them are a symbolic *barre* designed by Isamu Noguchi, which can be worked on as well as against, a ringmaster-choreographer complete with whip, and an anguished-looking symbolist (Miss Graham herself) who declaims in the wordless eloquence of movement on "Oh, the pain of it" in a neo-Lillie manner. If some of it suggests a comment on the association with George Balanchine which produced the "Episodes" they shared at City Center a year ago, it should not be wholly surprising. A final note of harmonious lunacy is provided by the entertaining score of Carlos Surinach, which varies raucous outbursts from the hard-blowing pit orchestra with the refined tinkle of three mandolins on-stage (analogous to if not exactly the same as the on-stage musicians in Balanchine's "Square Dance").

Graham as Alcestis came to view for the first time in a costuming of her own devising, with a Noguchi "set" (a right-angle piece of wall for a

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castle, a gigantic round chunk of "stone" for, perhaps, the wheel of Fate) and music by Vivian Fine. It is full up with symbolism, to the extent that the legend of Alcestis's sacrifice on behalf of Admetus and her eventual reclamation from death by Hercules is a parable of the seasons—winter vanquished, spring reborn. My complaint is that there is more symbolism than dancing (or even movement), with a good deal of pantomime, cartwheels by her male associates, trooping of garlands by the female, etc. It is fashionable to "guess along with Graham" in order to arrive at an understanding of what she means. Is she, perhaps, guessing along too, now and then? Miss Fine's music had an individualistic, hard-bitten integrity of its own, but no convincing relation to the subject matter.

The seasonal impulse was at work in Leonard Bernstein's program with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, which, though prearranged by all of a year, also had to do with dance. It was one of his lesser combinations, in which the interest of discovery was contained not in four episodes from Copland's "Rodeo," Debussy's "Jeux," or even a sextet of sections from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker," but in a jolly sequence out of Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus."

The overture is heard occasionally but Bernstein provided a rarer pleasure by performing such sections as "The Lesson in Coquetry" and "The Discovery of Love." However un-Promethean these episodes may be, the music bears endearing testimony to Beethoven's devotion to his eighteenth-century antecedents, true evidence of his ability to improve on any style to which he set his mind. Together with the final "Apotheosis" (which shows what the finale of the "Eroica" symphony was like before it became the finale of the "Eroica") they made for brightly fervent sound in the composer's inimitable manner. I suppose it is only expectable that Bernstein's insinuating direction of this music was less choreographic than on many a non-balletic evening.

—Irving Kolodin.

Interview

By I. L. Salomon

THE worst romantic I ever knew,
Said Edith Sitwell, was Charlotte Mew;
A great one taken early from us,
My darling Welsh boy, Dylan Thomas.
Who's left of genius? Note this well:
Sir Osbert and Sacheverell
And I'm not averse to naming me,
Said Dame Edith, sipping tea.

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RETURN TO RUSSIA—II. Beauty and Bolsheviks

Moscow.

AFTER three trips here, the first two in the deep gray of winter, I have finally seen Moscow in the sunlight. The spring sky, the April day I arrived from New York, was china blue and inside the Kremlin walls the sun glistened from the gold onion domes of the cathedrals that are now little more than fanciful relics of the czarist days. Perhaps it is the sun and perhaps it was the American Exhibition here last summer or the continuing flow of travelers, but the slow thaw seems at last to be loosening the ice-block rigidity that faced the Westerners who first breached the Stalinist curtain. For one thing, there is the ingenuousness of the youngsters who lie in wait for tourists around Red Square. "What is your country?" they ask in clear English. And when you say "America," inquiringly they say, "Chewing gum?" Sometimes they ask for a pencil, by which I think they mean a ballpoint pen. And when there are no pencils, they will be happy with shiny pennies. One who approached me when my supply was exhausted ran the shopping list all the way down to matches. And another asked me merely to print my name on a slip of paper. He promised to write. It is never begging, always an exchange, and one finds oneself in receipt of a Red Army hat emblem, an old coin, or a sporting club insignia from the Moscow Dynamos. Inevitably there is a buxom busybody who happens by and, watching the exchange, shakes her finger and her head at the foreigner and unleashes a string of Russian admonitions at the children. It is in those frustrating moments that I wish I had spent the winter at Berlitz so I could turn and say, "Lady, we are not undermining your youth. We are charmed by them, and heartened by the fact that boys are boys everywhere until they get to be men."

In a way I have been heartened, too, by the furtive characters who approach foreigners on the Moscow streets these days and offer a black market exchange for dollars. "In every large center of population," the head of Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, has said of these Moscow black marketeers, "there are sure to be some dumbbells." But there is hope in the fact that the Soviet man is not all machine, and that he can succumb to frailties that are considered human in all other societies. As for what happens to the dollars, the theory is that they make their way into the hands of sailors bound for ports in the world outside.

Soviet monetary restrictions are the most strict of all the regulations imposed on tourists. No rubles may be brought into the country, and a traveler must so state on his entry form when arriving. A dash in the questionnaire will not suffice. No rubles may leave the country either, although at well-trav-

—H.S.

Across the Moscow River—gold onion domes, now little more than relics of the past.

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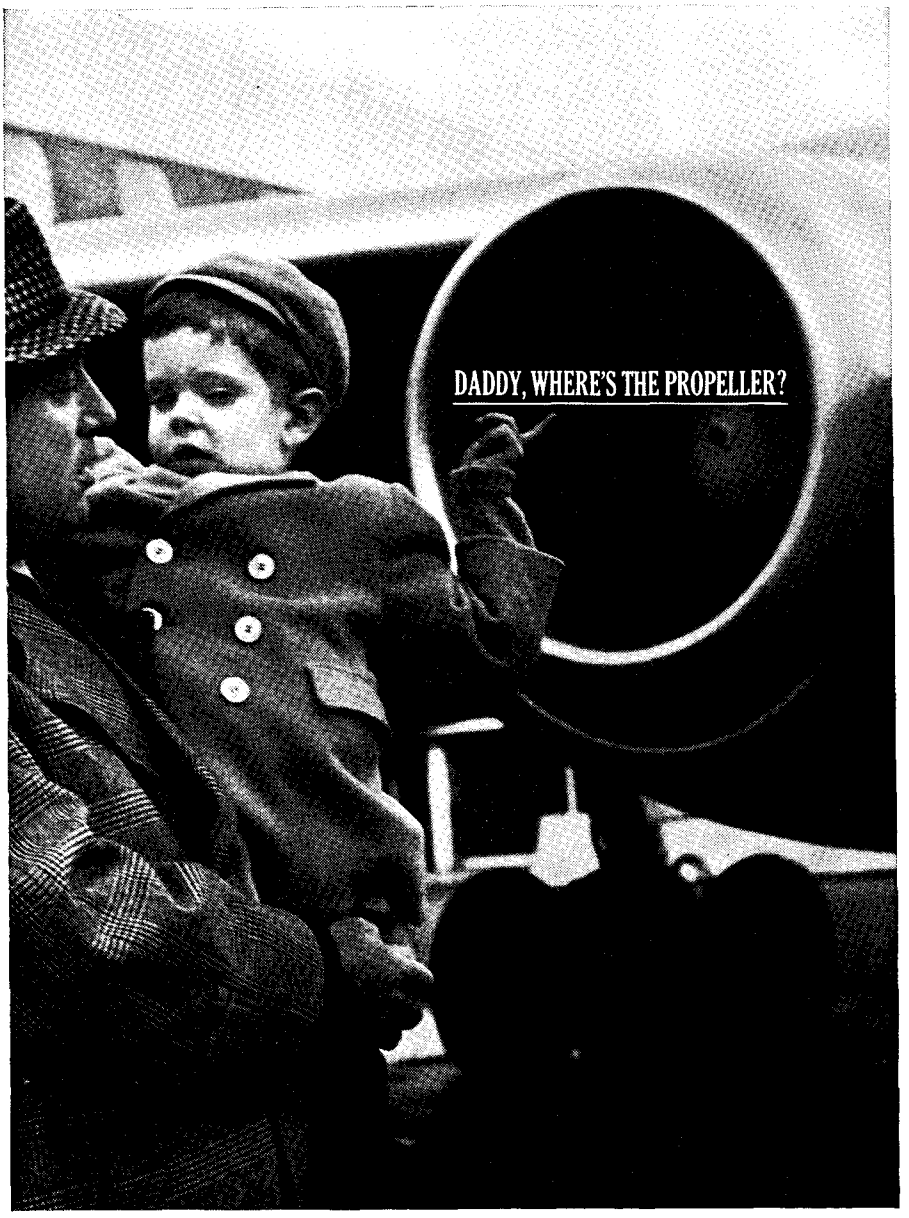
eled departure places—Moscow Airport for example—left-over rubles originally exchanged for dollars will be refunded. Rubles bought by travelers check, however, will be refunded only by mail upon application to a bank before leaving the Soviet Union. It is an arrangement that left a visiting American Express man to whom it was explained less than ecstatic.

This spring, says Intourist, tourists will be allowed to fill in landing cards when arriving in the Soviet Union. Previously, a Soviet customs officer stood at the door of the arriving plane matching faces with passport photos, a risky business at best, considering the quality of passport photos and what twelve hours in a plane does to a man. Lifted at the airport, passports were never returned to a traveler until departure day, a system that left foreigners with a continuing case of the shakes.

While they are in the business of reforms, the Russians would do well to ease their departure system, too, which, in a word, is an awkward mess. After going through the usual exit formalities, departing tourists are herded into a waiting room which in most Western airports is considered "sealed." Cleared for departure, travelers then may file from their waiting room directly into the plane. Here, however, a uniformed official stands at the very door of the plane, once more comparing face with photograph, as if the Soviet Union were being very careful not to let the wrong person out of the country. Filling a new Boeing, which Sabena is now operating from New York and Brussels direct to Moscow, is a long and painful procedure the way the Russians have it organized, and one wonders how many tourists they will lose to frostbite while filling Boeings during the deep winter.

Still, Intourist is making a valiant effort to attract foreign tourists. The visa system, once an interminable process, is now down to five to seven days, a record which I suspect we can scarcely match. International road signs are scheduled to be posted this month along the tourist trails in advance of Intourist's new drive-yourself car program. Volga cars will be offered for rent without an interpreter. Although Intourist stoutly claims it will not be corrupted by Western credit cards, the latest Western influence is a snack bar, complete with espresso machine, which is being installed in the National Hotel.

There are now 30,000 beds available in all the hotels of Moscow, and a building and enlarging program will have to gather steam if there is to be room for all the travelers whom Intourist would like to bring here. Last year, by Intourist's official count, more than half a million foreigners visited here, about three in every five of them



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from what the Russians call the "Peoples Democracies." Over 200,000 came from Western countries, among them 12,000 Americans. Not quite 5,000 Americans had ventured here in 1958, but somewhere between 20,000 and 25,000 are expected this year. In the other direction the movement is merely a trickle. Some 370 Russians visited the United States last year, but Intourist reports the receipt of more than 1,000 requests so far in 1960. (Soviet population is 208,826,000.)

Intourist complains vociferously about the high cost of travel in the United States, particularly in New York, in spite of the fact that all of its tourists journey in groups. If the United States is disposed to educate foreigners, particularly those from Communist countries, about America, then Congress might well consider some sort of subsidy for foreigners who seek to travel inside this country. It will certainly prove more effective, and possibly even cheaper, than propaganda.

While the few hundred Russian tourists who come to the U.S. see the Empire State Building, stand under Niagara Falls, and ride the rails to Chicago and Washington, Americans by the thousands have fallen into a similar well-grooved tourist circuit here in Moscow, where they see the Kremlin, stroll through GUM, the large department store, stand in line to see the mortal remains of Lenin and Stalin, still the greatest crowd-puller in Moscow. There are trips to the Tretyakov Gallery, to Moscow University, and to the Museum of the Revolution. Just alongside GUM is the Lenin Museum, which fills a large red building, once the Duma.

If for no other reason than the newsreel film of Lenin which is run several times each day, a visit to the museum can be a fascination. Along with a herd of bright-eyed young children I sat in the hard-backed pews in the museum the other day and watched as Lenin came on the screen, talking animatedly in front of the famous old cannon that still stands inside the Kremlin walls. He wore a loose cap, a vest, and a jacket. Then, as soft violins welled up on the music track, he appeared at the funeral of his brother-in-law, where the mourners wore long white coats and white top hats. There was a straw hat or two in evidence at the first May Day parade in 1919 when the first massing of troops marched past Red Square. In the early Twenties he occupied a simple apartment in Moscow and slept in a simple brass bed, but his car was a huge convertible Rolls-Royce still on view in the museum. The film returns to sentimental early views, and a swelling chorus brings it to a heroic climax.

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a day or a week in the Lenin Museum, but a visitor with an hour or so will be shown such high propaganda points for Westerners as the mementos remindful of the time, so a sign reads, when "Russian and International Bourgeoisie launched a war against the workers and peasants." A painting shows Lenin reading messages coming over the teletype from the front. On the wall is a battle map showing the flags of the French, American, and Japanese forces. A picture is labeled "The English Shooting Communists at Baku." There is a copy of the leaflets that the Communists showered on invading American and British soldiers which asks, "What Have They Sent You to the Ukraine For?" Displayed in cases are copies in dozens of languages of Lenin's book "The Great Initiative." The English-language copy carries the additional line, "Including the Story of Communist Saturdays," when workers labored a day without pay to help the Red Army.

A question-and-answer interview with Lenin by the Berlin correspondent of the "bourgeois American newspaper *New York Journal American*" on February 18, 1920, which is interesting in the light of the forty years of history that followed, went like this:

"What are your plans in Asia?"

"The same as in Europe. Peaceful cooperation with people. Coexistence."

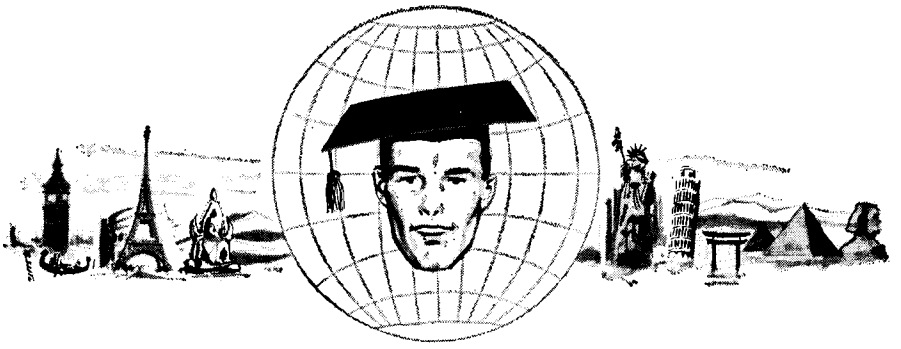
"What might be the basis for a peaceful treaty between the U.S. and the Soviet Union?"

"Let American capitalists leave us alone. We shall not attack them. We are ready to pay them in gold for machinery, and not only in gold but in raw materials."

"What are the obstacles for peace?"

"None on our side."

WE emerged into the late afternoon springtime of the Communist world. We were a few steps from Red Square, a few steps from the Kremlin, next door to the country's largest department store. The streets were crowded with people, most of them walking at the spirited clip that is also the fashion of New Yorkers. I joined the tide and pushed through the doors of the department store, which is more like a bazaar set up in a giant arcade. There was a crowd around the new automatic soda machines, and the usual assortment of shoppers waiting for others around the fountain. Tall, burnished Asiatics from Tadzhikistan joined the crowd buying raincoats. As usual, there were Westerners trying on fur hats which, like balalaikas, have become a standard trophy of a Russian excursion. A rakish number of sheared brown sheepskin, called a Gogol after the



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Russian writer, sells for about $12. Fake fur made to look like Persian lamb is as low as $4, but a real gray Astrakhan hat costs a cool $78, figured on the tourist rate of ten rubles to a dollar. "Only artists could afford one," a Russian assured me.

In the souvenir corner there were the usual hand-painted boxes from the village of Paleht, selling at anywhere from ten dollars for one as big as a deck of cards, to $60 for a large one ten inches long. At the perfume counter the newest big seller is the romantic scent called Sputnik, which comes in a bottle embossed with a relief map of the world and costs $4.50. Beloved Capital is five rubles less, and Mother Moscow, a green perfume in a clear bottle, is cheap at $3. Most expensive of all is the new scent called Stone Flower, named after the recent ballet. It comes in a box that unfolds like flower petals and costs a flat 100 rubles. As in the rest of the self-sufficient Soviet, which doesn't bother to borrow architecture even from the handy Scandinavians, there were no imports visible at the perfume counter. Once, the salesgirl said, there had been a shipment of Jean Patou, and a few bottles of Lancôme had arrived from Paris at New Year's time, like a holiday present for the people. Yes, they had sold well enough, the girl said diffidently. Certainly not a suspicion of a French scent was in sight.

There seems to me to be more lipstick on the faces of Russian girls these warming days, and a growing consciousness of beauty. At the check room of the newly revitalized Russian restaurant called the Budapest, they have installed a coin machine that will spray you with *odekolon* if you drop in a kopek coin. And only the other afternoon, while walking the back streets of Moscow, I happened on a small and obscure park crowded with shawl-covered grandmothers, all of them tending baby carriages for a generation of mothers already back at work. It was such a compelling sight, so indicative of the whole socialist philosophy, that I raised my camera. "Why do you take pictures of them?" asked one of them who had detached herself from the crowd. "Why not take pictures of something beautiful?"

It is a circumstance that Western tourists, used to well-dressed women, reasonably well-tailored men, handsome shop windows, shiny cars, and pleasing architecture, will find the Soviet world, however fascinating it might prove to the intellect, a cheerless place to the eye. Still, it is another heartening note, I think, that the women of Moscow are, as they dab a drop of Sputnik *odekolon* behind each ear lobe, thinking thoughts of beauty. —HORACE SUTTON.

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A New Freedom for the Molders of Space

EARLY this spring five important exhibitions of American sculpture were on view simultaneously in Manhattan galleries. This in itself is not unusual, for it is scarcely news these days that three-dimensional art is almost as much in demand as paintings, but that more than half of these exhibitions were *not* concerned with welded metal techniques is indeed noteworthy. Recently, familiar materials like cast bronze, stone, and wood were in danger of becoming as legendary as the tools of a cave man.

To its innovators, welded sculpture offered an invigorating new freedom, an opportunity to describe their speeded-up, mechanized world with appropriate, direct, and sympathetic means. Here content and technique were literally "welded" together in a happy union, but the honeymoon was soon over with the discovery of the blowtorch and rivet by countless amateurs and neophytes who in record time began turning out an appalling stream of little more than repetitious ornaments. The once fluid metal, drained of its nervous energy, lost all meaning in curlicues and empty novelty.

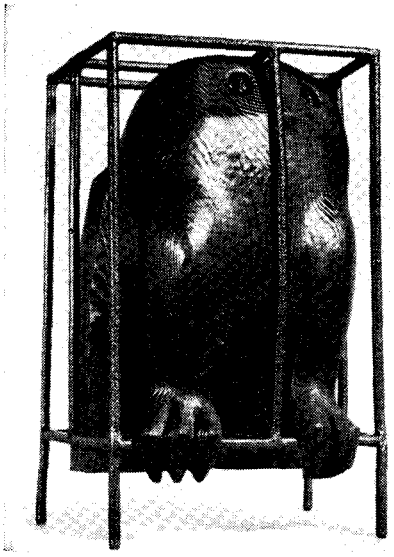
Undeniably the dean and originator of welded metal techniques in America is "Sandy" Calder, and, of the five exhibitions in New York, his was the most memorable. In the too-small rooms of the Perls Galleries, four monumental architectural Stabile-Mobiles proved conclusively that this "old master" is still *the* master. Unusual for Calder because of their heroic scale and austere simplifications, these sculptures, depending on clean sheets of metal, taut intersections, and sharply pointed climaxes, seem apt foils for the best of contemporary public architecture. Especially remarkable, the fifteen-foot construction called "The City" acts as an affirmative symbol of American life today. Less playful than Calder's earlier works, these structures nevertheless rely on the shorthand techniques he himself developed, acting as potent summations of a prodigiously inventive career. What sets them apart is a sureness of contour without the restraints of geometry, a sense of organic growth without the usual anthropomorphic overtones. Untainted by his imitators, Calder remains a force to be reckoned with.

In provocative contrast to his work, the sculpture of three younger artists—Leonard Baskin (Grace Borgenicht Gallery), Jack Zajac (Downtown Gallery), and Philip McCracken (Willard Gallery)—deals with more naturalistic images and with materials and methods more related to the past, suggesting that in art every movement inevitably has its counterpart. These three men have much in common: their youth (all are under forty), their preoccupation with expressive animal and human content, their frank return to recognizable though not necessarily realistic images, and their tendency to react to simple personal experiences.

For example, Philip McCracken has spent most of his thirty-one years in the State of Washington. He now lives with his wife and three small sons off the coast on Guemes Island. Here, with compassion and dry humor, he carves the effigies of those native birds and animals he has so minutely observed. He does more than merely borrow from American folk art, though this tradition is strong in his work, for he identifies his at once wistful, hostile, mysterious, and trusting little animals with larger human implications, recalling the work of Morris Graves, who also responded to the same evocative secrets of the Northwest. One can only hope that as McCracken matures, those elements in his sculpture that now seem unduly coy will disappear in favor of more serious content.

Jack Zajac also chooses animal themes as paths to deeper meaning. He invests his vaulting bronze compositions with tense diagonals, repeatedly dramatizing the contortions of goats bound to the stake and ready for slaughter, a scene he frequently witnessed in Greece while on a Guggenheim Fellowship. In his hands, sensuous swollen bellies, harassed twisted necks, and stump-like limbs transform ordinary Greek goats into sacrificial religious symbols. Despite his youth, Zajac, who also comes from the West Coast (California), is already able to unleash a highly charged but singularly controlled message.

Of these three young sculptors, Leonard Baskin is the oldest by several



—*Willard Gallery.*

"Caged Bird," by Philip McCracken.

—*Grace Borgenicht Gallery.*

"Lazarus," by Leonard Baskin.

—*The Downtown Gallery.*

"Easter Goat," by Jack Zajac.

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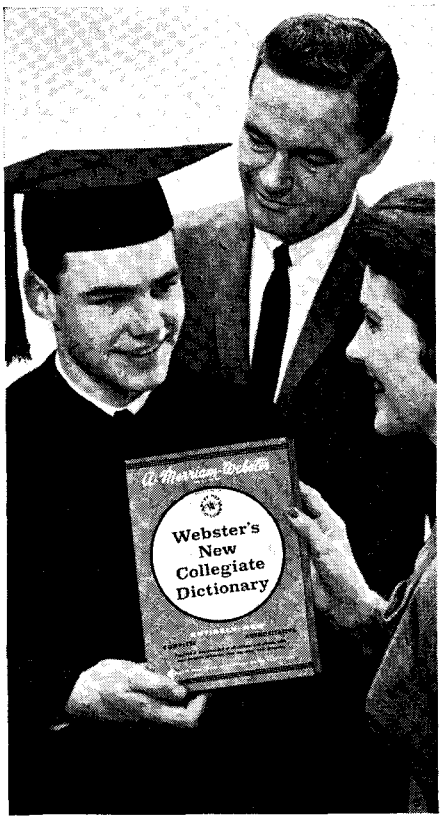

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years and the most mature as an artist. His work, whether dealing with man or animal, is suffused with cadences of pain and suspense. Like Zajac, death is a favorite theme with Baskin but his area of observation is larger, deeper, and includes disquieting social comments interlaced with angry humor and denunciation. Some of his titles chosen at random tell much: "Glutted Death," "Oppressed Man," and "Homage to the Un-American Activities Committee." The latter, a bas-relief with a bristling thistle and thin-lipped face, is characteristic of Baskin's ability to make a forceful statement in the most subtle sculptural language. The fact that he chooses to express himself in naturalistic images does not necessarily mean that the strong emotions he projects can only thus be evoked. To be sure, abstract compositions could not describe as specifically the subject with which he is concerned, though death and dissolution have many ways of manifesting themselves.

It remains only to move over to the Stable Gallery for a look at the Stankiewicz show to realize that method is less important than message. For Stankiewicz has openly borrowed his technique from European Dadaism, using discarded tanks, bolts, wire, and scraps of rusted metal to propose certain curiously American ideas. What saves him from banal imitation (after all, the extraneous materials of Neo-Dadaism are becoming almost as familiar as the streaking pigment of Action Painting) is his own brand of ebullient wit and his ingenious ability to make discarded material seem less a symbol of decay than of resurgence. Though indebted to the Dadaists, he denies their basic nihilism. But sometimes good humor is not enough; then his loosely articulated constructions seem diffuse and even obvious in their dependence on carefully selected junk. But at other moments the welded sculpture takes on a kind of magic, especially when rusted wires and bent pipes turn into lyrical drawings in space.

Characteristics that impress one as peculiarly American in the work of all five sculptors are their frequent flashes of humor, more gentle than corrosive, and their insistence on romantic expression. Calder's Stabiles with their fragile leaf-like forms quixotically opposed to steel constructions, McCracken's little bird searching for a "grain of truth," Zajac's doomed goats, Baskin's doomed men, and Stankiewicz's images clothed in the rags of modern obsolescence are each evidence of that romanticism which has always informed American art.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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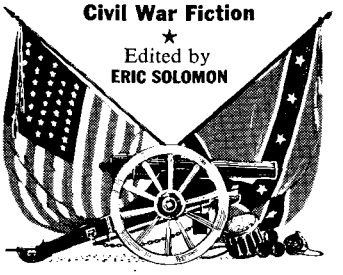

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

form of Rukmini the dancing girl, more mysterious than destiny and far more generous. And after her comes wisdom: Smith, the wandering archeologist who has studied with the gurus but failed the course because he could not learn to be impervious to human problems.

In Deori there are plenty of problems for Smith not to be impervious to, and they are multiplied after the leg of an ancient statue of Venus is discovered near the dam site. For deeply symbolic reasons, Rukmini and Mohan must find the statue, and everyone except Kendrick helps them. But who are the mysterious people who are sabotaging the search? Why have two man-eating tigers (male and female, naturally) turned up this far north? Who is Rukmini, anyway?

The unraveling of these questions to their final answers provides a lot of breathless excitement, and also a number of moments which come close to being just silly. Mr. Master is, in spite of his blood-and-thunder plots, a deadly serious and highly moral writer—in fact, there's only one jest in the entire book. It's on the last page, it's in Hindi, and to those equipped with knowledge or a dictionary, it's worth the entire price of admission.

On the Merry Road to the Market

"The Coming of Fabrizze," by Raymond De Capite *(McKay. 208 pp. $3.50), tells of Italian railroadmen and their adventures in stocks and bonds. Novelist John Fante is the author of "Full of Life."*

By John Fante

RAYMOND DE CAPITE is a writer of exquisite talents: phrase-maker, dreamer, poet, teller of fairy tales, a new novelist with a charming ability to avoid reality without boredom and to concoct a novel that one can read from beginning to end without stopping to wonder or care about the plot.

With marvelous enchantment Mr. De Capite makes the immigrant ordeal in America a lark almost to the point of nonsense, and all the joys of sweet poverty sing out in his pellucid phrases.

His effortless Italians work on the railroad as section hands, and Mr. De Capite makes it delightful work indeed, which it isn't, but his people sing at it, drink lots of wine, and life is a graceful *canzone*.

But presently, as one reads on, trapped deeper into the delicate web of the author's magic, there begins an eye-blinking suspicion that his people are idiots, quaint and extremely stylized in the manner of Steinbeck's *paisanos* in Tortilla Flat. Life is even better among De Capite's gentle folk: There is neither hunger nor despair, and the problems of the immigrant in the United States are never stated. Not that Mr. De Capite is a liar so much as that he can't be bothered with the truth at this writing; maybe in some other novel, some other time.

He sees America of the early 1920s with streets paved in gold, and to prove it his joyous section hands actually take a fling at the stock market and do very well for a time. True, they are wiped out in the spectacular crash of 1929, but even this is something to sing about, for they become the first section hands (to my knowledge) who participated in that high-toned debacle. Moreover, Mr. De Capite keeps hopes high to the very end, and persuades the reader on the last page that prosperity is just around the corner.

The hero of this bewitching fabrication is a young man called Fabrizze—blue-eyed, golden-haired, optimistic, a born leader from the mountains of Abruzzi. Arriving in Cleveland, Ohio he lives with a colony of other Abruzzese and takes a job as a water boy on the Great Northern Shore Railroad. His rise is rapid. He becomes boss of a section gang and, with friends, accumulates enough money to go into the grocery business. At this point a mystery figure enters the story, one Vivolo, a money manipulator, a sharpie in stocks and bonds. He becomes Fabrizze's friend and advisor on the ever-expanding market.

Fabrizze prospers. He invests not only for himself but for his cronies. After The Crash, he disappears, grief-stricken for having betrayed his friends. Rumor has it that he has gone to Chicago, working on the railroad again, starting at the bottom, but steadily rising once more. From time to time his friends in Cleveland get letters from him, and he sends them money to compensate for their losses on the market. Then:

> Spring came to remind them of the gay flashing days of the recent year. Sweet with hope was the time and it was made perfect by a long letter from Fabrizze. He saluted each of them by name; and then he announced that he was sending to Italy for his cousins.
>
> "Why not?" said Fabrizze. "Let them come, let them come. I am longing to see them. Augustine tells me that they have nothing but hope. What more do they need?"

One cannot help answering that in the year 1930 they will need considerably more money than a section hand can save, merely for the passage, and they will need passports to a country that, in the depths of the Depression, took a dim view of unskilled laborers entering her gates. But to quibble with Mr. De Capite about these minor facts is to lose sight of the spell he evokes. He is a sweet writer.

THE BEATEN AND THE BEAT: It is not deprecation of Alan Kapelner's second novel, **"All the Naked Heroes"** (Braziller, $4), to say that the specter of James Joyce stalks his sibling heroes, Rip and Paul Gomery, while Jack Kerouac and J. P. Donleavy incant frenetic advice from desperate bars and orgies in Greenwich Village.

After their mother leaves their father a two-dollar legacy—one dollar for a meal, the other for a rope with which to hang himself—the Gomery brothers are tossed into the twilight haze preceding the night of World War II. Driven by urgent passions for integrity and love, the inseparable Gomerys finally go their own ways, Rip to hit the Kerouac road, and Paul to founder in love for his girl, Mary, and his fear of the impending Hitlerian holocaust. Strangely, while the derelict brothers are together in New York the novel is at times awkward and, perhaps intentionally, static, but as Mr. Kapelner hits his stride, things take fire and we are led on by sheer verbal ingenuity some of which is as funny and impressive as that in "The Ginger Man."

The serious theme of "All the Naked Heroes," framed in an epigraph from Auden, is clear and compelling: there is a way to life (Rip) and a way to death (Paul). Let's decide which we prefer, then, man, let's do it. And as Paul searches for and finds a whimpering death, so Rip in a Joycean paean of affirmation returns to love and to life.

Mr. Kapelner's ear for the rhythms of American patois is acute, and his imagination is fertile in recreating the stridency of the Bohemia of the late Thirties. —DANIEL B. DODSON.

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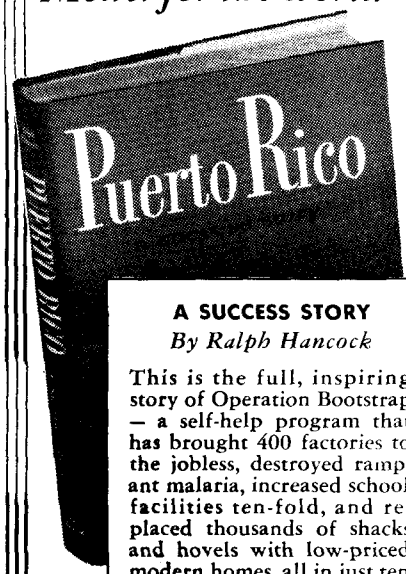

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Way from Vitebsk

Continued from page 23

baby daughter, yet there was plenty of interference by those who wanted Marc to produce "proletarian art" and looked suspiciously at the men and animals standing upside down or floating through mid-air on his canvases. One day a friend wrote from Berlin that he was famous there, having introduced a new genre, expressionism, and Chagall then decided that it was time to leave the Russia of the Soviets: "They don't understand me. I am a stranger to them, I'm certain Rembrandt loves me."

Similar in style to the short, emotion-laden statements are the twenty dry-points and etchings that illustrate this handsome volume. Here we meet the dramatic cast, including the eccentric uncle who after a long search was discovered perched on a chimney, eating carrots. In some instances the artist relied wholly upon a thin, suggestive line, while other strokes conjure up all nuances between stark white and velvety black. The much abused term "poetic" is the only one to describe these patterns, filled, one surmises, not with ink, but with the everlasting essence of life.

The Masterbuilders

"American Building Art: The Nineteenth Century," by Carl W. Condit *(Oxford. 371 pp. $12.50), covers the most inventive period of construction in our history. Artist Albert Christ-Janer is the author of several books, among them "Eliel Saarinen" and "Boardman Robinson."*

By Albert Christ-Janer

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY is nowhere more revealed than by its building forms. Therefore the very title of Carl W. Condit's book excites interest; its table of contents promises stimulating chapters on the American development of wood and iron framing, bridge trusses, arch and suspension bridges, metal-spanned trainsheds, and daring shapes and volumes of reinforced concrete. In such practical manifestations the hard, healthy spirit of utilitarian pioneer builders rears up splendidly. As the author says, he aims here to present the specialized history of construction techniques as they developed into the very structural basis of modern building.

Mr. Condit searches over a rich field indeed. No other century has developed so inventively and productively in the building arts. The innovations of all previous centuries combined cannot equal those of the fabulous nineteenth; even our twentieth has added only variations and refinements to the pioneer achievements of its predecessor. And especially in the United States the watchword then was progress, as Lewis Mumford says—the progress of the pioneer, opening up new areas for mechanical invention and applied science. Expressly in the areas dealt with in Mr. Condit's book the ingenious designer and builder created superbly.

The book's profusion of illustrations (there are 139 plates) increases the promise of entertainment and education. Some grand monuments of American building and many discerningly selected minor ones augment the text, printed with generously sized plates: John P. Gaynor's Haughwout Building in New York, where the first Otis elevator was installed, predictor of the towering twentieth-century city skyline; the old John Wanamaker Department Store, on New York's Broadway at Tenth Street, but recently razed after being gutted by fire only three years ago; the Chicago School's famous Rookery and the Chamber of Commerce Building, masterworks of iron vaulting and glass; a profusion of early bridge designs leading up to the sophisticated trusses of August Canfield, Earl Trumbull, and Richard Osborne, who was the first builder of an iron railroad bridge in the United States; the lengthening spans of Thomas Pratt, constructor of the first scientifically designed truss, and diagrams of the bowstring truss, which was patented by Squire Whipple; exquisite lines of railroad bridges built by the Union Pacific to span the wild Missouri; the soaring Pecos River bridge, Comstock, Texas, a connoisseur's choice; Charles Ellet's suspension span at Wheeling, reconstructed by John A. Roebling; the historical creations of the Roeblings, climaxed by a striking plate of the Brooklyn Bridge; more than a half dozen well-chosen iron-arched bridges, including the ill-fated one over the Niagara River, by L. L. and R. S. Buck.

The pages of "American Building Art" are further enhanced by photographs of the great interiors of Dearborn Station, Chicago; the original Grand Central Terminal, and the crossroads

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Union Station in St. Louis, now defiled by efficiency devices. The pictures of classics of reinforced concrete are included, such as Ernest L. Ransom's California Academy of Science, San Francisco; masterworks in stone and concrete by Jonathan Knight and Casper Wever in bridge building; and the timeless Thomas Viaduct by Benjamin Latrobe, II, crossing the Patapsco River in Maryland since 1835. The final handsome display is the pedestrian bridge over the Housatonic River, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a Maillart-like work of art by engineer Fritz von Emperger.

All these pictures and diagrams, in a well-proportioned format, make this Oxford book a handsome one; its title page is tasteful, its type, printed on luxurious stock, readily readable.

Mr. Condit has worked diligently in that limited area to which he restricted this effort, but his staggered design of the material he gathered and his commonplace elaboration of it does small good. Vital in themselves as works of art, his findings do not come to life in his work. Compared, for example, with the virtuosity of scholarship of Sigfried Giedion, whose revelations of basic construction skills and their significance can't be forgotten, or the literary ability on each page of John A. Kouwenhoven's "Made in America," which deals with the practical materials and their forms (which concern Mr. Condit, too), "American Building Art" seems heavy with undigested information and logy with starchy sentences.

That Mr. Condit is fully capable of more than lackluster scholarship and rhetoric is beyond doubt; his book on the skyscraper is an important study, well composed and interestingly written. The work at hand, however, is like a Ph.D. thesis, fact-filled and plodding to the end; at best it may be regarded as a reference book for the student who wishes to find something specific and detailed about particular building information contained in these fully documented pages. It fails to be the stimulating story of grand concepts and inspired invention that Mr. Condit should be most qualified to produce.

Your Literary I. Q

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TOUCHING ON ALEXANDER POPE

His contemporaries and ours, and several people in between, had ideas of their own about "the wasp of Twickenham." Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, submits eight of these opinions, and invites you to identify the holders of same, whose names are scrambled at the right. Answers on page 46.

1. Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye. ( ) Jonathan Swift
2. The weakness of his body continued throughout his life, but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. ( ) Edith Sitwell
3. It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer. ( ) John Dennis
4. Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
   A week, and Arbuthnot a day. ( ) Lord Byron
5. Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite. ( ) Allen Tate
6. Enquire between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the god of Love . . . ( ) Richard Bentley
7. He was at once a man of genius and a cripple (and neither abnormality could be forgiven him). ( ) Alexander Pope
8. And he who dribbled couplets like a snake
   Coiled to a lithe precision in the sun. ( ) Samuel Johnson

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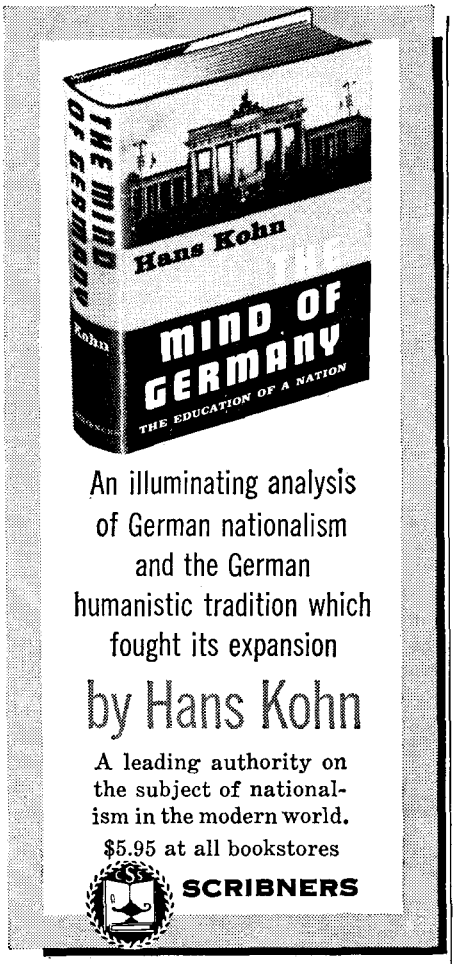
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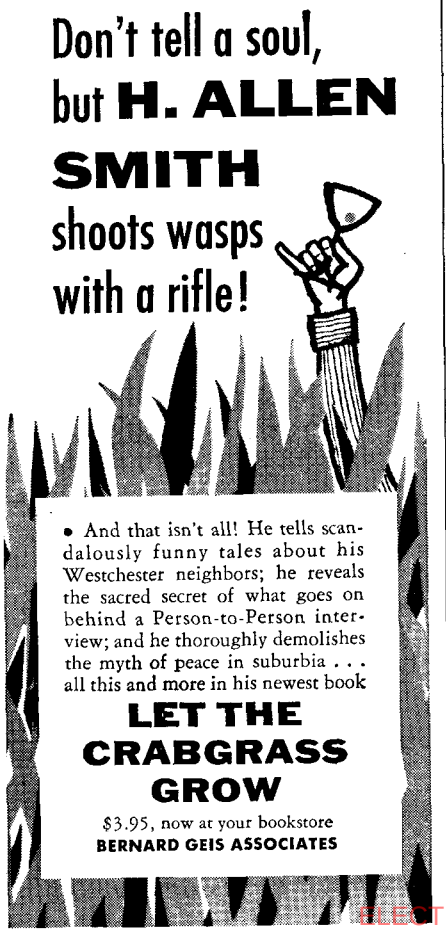
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Books in the News

Continued from page 16

classic proposition that France is still biting off more than she can chew—that her pretentions to great power status, to an independent foreign policy, to an atomic striking force, to a French version of Britain's Commonwealth, are all far out of line with the potential of her national power and the continuing nature of her politics. And corollary to this assumption is the fear that by overextending herself dangerously, France will no longer serve as an effective member of the American alliance system.

Professor Furniss sets out by analyzing the first decade of postwar French foreign policy. It is a selective review, for attention is focused on France as "builder of Europe." This is explained by the view that "a fundamental objective behind French espousal of European unity was the creation of an independent grouping, with power of its own able to pursue independent policies aimed not at participating in, but at settling, the cold war." Now, such an objective was indeed one of the motives behind the lame effort at uniting Europe that Professor Furniss skilfully describes. But I wonder if it was as central a motive as he claims.

The idea of France as the dynamic leader of an independent European "Third Force" between the United States and the Soviet Union was first argued by General de Gaulle during the war, and it is in fact still his intention. But the idea of European unity dear to the French politicians who took over the reins from de Gaulle following his resignation in 1946 was quite different. United Europe was for some of them a means of assuring the triumph of Socialism, or of the Christian Democratic parties, while for others who were more conservative, simply the best guarantee against a Communist coup.

The second and longest part of the book deals primarily with the domestic side of France's foreign-policy personality, and in particular with the period of breakdown beginning in 1954. Professor Furniss is especially effective in describing the politics of *immobilisme*, that paralysis of leadership and national will which dissipated the last remnants of French power. There is an excellent chapter on the role of the army in French politics, which shows clearly the sources of de Gaulle's present difficulties with an officer corps whose political self-will was born long before the Algerian crisis. Similarly, students of French affairs will find the brilliant analysis of how French foreign policy is made very interesting.

However, the chapters on the economic and social difficulties of the Fourth Republic, while a faithful panorama of the largely unsolved problems such as housing and education and the nagging economic crises, overlook the real, if long unperceived, success of the regime in this area. Can it be said, as Professor Furniss asserts, that "when the Fourth Republic fell . . . its economic policy was virtually bankrupt" in face of the fact that France had for the previous four years been enjoying unprecedented economic prosperity, itself induced by four successive increases in industrial production of roughly 10 per cent?

IN the concluding section of his study Professor Furniss provides a complete account of the founding of the Fifth Republic: the operation of the new political system, its economic and social problems and policies during the first eighteen months, the structure and prospects of the French community, and finally his own personal assessment of what de Gaulle's policy of "grandeur" means to France and for American policy toward its oldest ally.

Written very close to the events described, this section must necessarily depend most heavily on newspaper sources. Yet one wonders why the large number of French books on the May, 1958, "revolution" — circumstantial as they might be—were not used at all nor even recommended for further reading. And in what is otherwise a fair and intelligent analysis of the Algerian problem, one wonders why Furniss has not mentioned the role of rising French nationalism as a factor in making peace with the Moslem rebels in Algeria so difficult to arrange.

He has written an excellent indictment of France's search for renewed glory and independent world power, and indeed one cannot but agree with many of his conclusions as to the vanity of de Gaulle's quest for grandeur. Few Americans share the French love of *panache* and between the France of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and that of Napoleon or Louis XIV, the American choice has always been clear. This is as it should be, yet France today has both the Rights of Man and Napoleon in her history. Isn't it as true of a nation as of an individual that all aspects of the personality must be accepted as facts if a true understanding is to be had? Perhaps the desire of a nation and its leaders to regain world power is in and of itself an objective factor of its foreign-policy personality—and often the factor of decisive importance. It is this element which Professor Furniss seems to have overlooked in what is otherwise a solid and impressive record of France's role in world politics since World War II.

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Lost Half-Century

Continued from page 13

that the use of rag paper would assure the survival of works of permanent value, though the cost would be practically prohibitive. But the experience of the Library of Congress has shown that this is by no means a certain and lasting device.

In a letter written to me on March 18, 1960, L. Quincy Mumford, Librarian of Congress, alludes to this discouraging experience. He speaks of the whole grave problem of the perishable quality of book paper as "one that has concerned librarians for some decades. With each passing year it has become more and more acute." But he is encouraged by the research now being done. Currently, he believes, the outlook is bright.

FOR a definite effort to grapple with this great problem of deteriorating paper has indeed been undertaken. In 1956 the Council on Library Resources was incorporated as an independent non-profit body, with offices in Washington, D. C. It was established with a grant of five million dollars from the Ford Foundation to be expended over a five-year period "for the purpose of aiding in the solution of the problems of librarians generally and of research libraries in particular." The organization conducts its work chiefly through grants or contracts to appropriate organizations and individuals. Among the problems considered is naturally the matter of paper preservation. One study of this question has produced useful results and a second is well on the way. The outcome of this effort by highly competent experts will no doubt be the production of more lasting paper and binding for our future publications. The books of the second half of the twentieth century may largely survive. But the great bulk of newspapers, typescripts, periodicals, pamphlets, and books of the first half of the century is already crumbling away.

To whom, then, are we to leave the selection of some surviving material? Wholly to chance? Or should some authoritative body be set up to plan a comprehensive and wise collection? Possibly the Council of Learned Societies might be given the task. Or is the danger of censorship and bias inherent in any such authority worse than the peril of oblivion?

I notice in the laments of librarians great alarm at the "prohibitive cost" of some suggested expedients. They seem to feel, presumably from bitter experience, that the richest country in the world will not be willing to spend enough money to embody its great

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books in a form destined to last. I am not sure that this is the gravest obstacle. If a vast sum were made available for rescuing within the next fifty years representative writing and records of the recent past, are any of us really capable today of choosing what the future should know of the vanishing half-century?

Of recent years we have heard terrifying reports of the violation of the sanctity of libraries, of how a government can, by destroying certain books and records and altering texts and encyclopedias, expunge from history a man or an idea obnoxious to the party in power. Will this sort of thing happen now? The circumstances of the next few decades may make the crime of suppression and slanting by selective reproduction very tempting. Indeed, I hesitate to publicize the situation lest some of our propaganda organizations rush in to seize the opportunity.

Meditating on this strange condition to which man's scientific development and ingenuity have now brought us, I feel some envy of the ages of long ago. On a table in my modest home library rests a shabby, attractively fat little old book, an Erasmus Bible, printed in 1551. The pages are a bit yellowed but in excellent condition, the corners of the paper unbroken and firm. The small woodcuts are clear, the text perfectly legible. Four hundred years have left the volume intact.

There is also a set of the works of Martin Luther, twelve fat folios bound in vellum, printed in 1553-73 and long in the possession of a monastery whose monks annotated, queried, and criticized in the margins of the text. We are still able to read their opinions. Traveling further back in time, my mind arrives admiringly in medieval Europe, where I can see thousands of monks in hundreds of *scriptoria* devotedly copying, with lasting ink and on long-lived parchment, the great writings of the past, creating manuscripts which we, centuries later, can still read. The chain of culture, the continuity of thought, was not wholly broken.

Another picture comes to my mind, of that community at Qumran by the Dead Sea 2,000 years ago, whose scrolls have recently been discovered and read with deepest interest. When another 2,000 years have passed, will any records or documents of our era exist, to give some image of our present America to the men of that far-off time—should any men still survive?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 7, 6, 1, 8, 3, 5, 2.

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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

CAN CHICAGO'S AUDITORIUM BE SAVED?

By PETER JACOBI

AS NEW YORK builds toward an artistic future in its Lincoln Center (with a firm anchor on the rock of its ages, Carnegie Hall) Chicago contemplates a move of its own, a move steeped in memories. In the Middle West's so-called capital of culture, harsh realities are battling nostalgia; educational necessities and artistic longings are in conflict over the Auditorium Theatre, a Chicago temple of art, a theatre with a great past.

Roosevelt University has announced the start of a three-million-dollar fund drive to restore the structure, once termed by Frank Lloyd Wright "the greatest room for music and opera in the world . . . a building fifty years ahead of its time." The university now owns and calls its home the building of which the Auditorium is a part.

A public relations firm has been engaged to promote the restoration drive, and a who's who of social and civic leaders have lent their names to the Auditorium Theatre Council, which —with the help of the public relations experts—will raise funds to restore and operate the cultural landmark.

The university's decision has brought the resignation of four trustees, including newspaper publisher Leo Lerner, who has been one of Roosevelt's most faithful supporters and who served as president of its board from 1950 until last fall. Also departing are the school's vice president in charge of development and the dean of faculties.

Opponents of the plan insist that it would divert the school from its primary purpose of education. They point out that the three million dollars sought equals the amount of funds raised by the university for endowment during its history. However, a majority of the board of directors believes the Auditorium can serve the school if it is rebuilt. The split of opinion is sharp and bitter, as artistic discord usually is. It divides not only the trustees, but also the student body and Chicago cultural circles.

The Auditorium, now seventy-one years old, was the architectural creation of Dankmar Adler and Louis Sullivan. Sullivan, one of the founders of modern architecture, was the teacher of Frank Lloyd Wright. For forty years the building served as Chicago's principal home of art, particularly operatic art. But it fell into misuse and neglect. Today its once ornate gilt curves of ceiling, its magnificent murals, mosaics, and fantastically intricate carvings are peeled or marred or covered with layers of paint and whitewash. Its seats are empty, splintered, and dusty, its curtains tattered. Its massive stage now only faintly echoes the once-upon-a-time of a glorious past.

"As an architectural and cultural landmark, the Auditorium deserves preservation."

Next to New York's Metropolitan, the Auditorium ranks as America's most noble hall of musical memories. Adelina Patti, Enrico Caruso, Feodor Chaliapin, Mary Garden, Amelita Galli-Curci, and Rosa Raisa were among those who sang in the theatre. Victor Maurel as Falstaff, Emma Calve as Carmen, Nellie Melba as Lucia, Garden as Salome, Raisa as Turandot, Claudia Muzio as Violetta, Frida Leider as Brünnhilde —these are all echoes of the Auditorium's past.

Paderewski gave recitals there, and in it Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleanora Duse practised their distinguished talents.

But the golden era ended in 1929, when the opera company decided to forsake the house for a more modern theatre. The Auditorium then opened its doors to musical reviews and occasional dramas. The raucously amusing but hardly representative Olson and Johnson show, "Hellzapoppin'," officially closed the Auditorium in 1941. After that the building was turned into a World War II service center, and GIs rolled bowling balls where opera stars once had their being.

Roosevelt University took over the building for its classes in the late 1940s, cleared up back taxes, and rescued the theatre from demolition. But the Auditorium remained empty and useless, and university officials began to ponder the complete destruction of the house to make room either for a garage or more needed classrooms. Always, however, there were Chicagoans who protested such plans, who looked back to the golden age and yearned for restoration. Finally, university leaders, believing that possibly the theatre might do them some good, took the restoration idea seriously and formulated the plan now under way.

As an architectural and cultural landmark, the Auditorium certainly deserves preservation, but its future as a working theatre is a matter of doubt and concern.

When the Chicago opera left the Auditorium in 1929, it moved across the Loop to Samuel Insull's Civic Opera House. That 3,600-seat theatre was hailed at its opening as the hope of Chicago's great operatic future. It has proved considerably less than this. The

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Civic lacks intimacy. It has been criticized by many as an acoustical barn. But it does remain the home of Chicago's present resident opera, the Lyric Opera, which offers seven-week seasons of stellar performances each fall.

Would Lyric move to the Auditorium, even with its allegedly better acoustics and more intimate surroundings? The blunt answer is no.

There is, first of all, the problem of working space. The university has taken over every bit of available footage in the Auditorium building for classrooms, and that includes many of the old dressing and practice areas. Storage space for scenery and props is virtually nonexistent.

Secondly, Lyric Opera is faced with the hard economics of the 1960s. The company does not have the means to finance new productions for its repertoire and therefore—except for an occasional new set—must depend on the vast warehouse of scenery and props and costumes left from the old Chicago Opera days. These can be used free of charge by any resident company as a permanent heritage provided by operatic donors of former, more lavish days. But the sets—along with the entire skyscraper building that enfolds the theatre—belong now to the Kemper Insurance Company, owners of the building as a result of the depression, some bankruptcies, and the fall of the Insull empire. Lyric can use the valuable operatic properties only if it performs in the Civic. Thus, the permanent heritage has its limitations.

The Civic Opera House frequently is dark. Only Lyric, a handful of visiting ballet troupes and recitalists, and the touring Metropolitan (when it deems to stop for a visit) use the theatre during the course of a year. Most of the time it is empty, as the symphony and most recital attractions perform in Orchestra Hall, and the city can support only a brief season of opera. The house has been so unproductive financially that its owners turned the place into a movie for a while. That scheme failed, too.

Other competition already is under construction, this in the form of a new Chicago exposition center which will include a modern 5,000-seat theatre for conventions and grand stage spectacles. With the Civic Opera, the exposition center hall, Orchestra Hall, and several smaller theatres available for a scarcity of events, where will the Auditorium fit in?

Roosevelt University president Edward Sparling some time ago expressed the view that the 4,000-seat Auditorium as a concert hall and theatre could earn the school $200,000 a year. But such a view is hard to support. Under current dramatic and musical conditions in Chicago it would seem more reasonable to assume that the Auditorium would become another empty theatre, a gilt-edged white elephant.

A recent letter to a Chicago newspaper expressed the firm belief that if the Auditorium were refurbished, "people would flock to it and it would pay for itself," that it would offer opera lovers a home, and that "maybe (happy thought) we might even get a Chicago Opera company." The letter writer chose to believe that Lyric Opera is not really Chicago Opera and that the Auditorium would solve all problems.

Chicago needs a restoration not of theatres, but of theatrical spirit; not of concert halls and opera houses, but of musical interest. This situation completely differs from that which exists in New York.

The start toward a better future in Chicago art does exist. Our orchestra is in its best form in years. Lyric Opera has managed to survive and produce some outstanding operatic magic. There are reports of new blood entering the concert management field which could mean some new faces among recitalists. The Goodman Theatre, with help from the Ford Foundation, has infused the theatrical season with at least a few sparks of warmth and life.

But much remains for the future to take care of.

It is true that a theatre or a center of theatres sometimes can serve as focus and thereby at least temporarily kindle new sparks of cultural enthusiasm. And a Lincoln Center for Chicago somewhere near the Art Institute on the lakefront—centrally located and carefully planned to suit all types of cultural needs—might do just that. However, such a project is so improbable for this city that one dare not even mention it for fear the realists will laugh one out of town.

But new theatres or old theatres or more theatres are not the answer. What Chicago needs is enthusiasm. What Chicago needs is money for its various cultural enterprises. The Auditorium project does not appear to serve any purpose toward that revival of interest. It promises merely to fragment still further the business available for available facilities, and to siphon off funds which could be used for revitalizing the Chicago arts themselves.

Txistu and Thun-thun

THE PYRENEES and the French and Basque provinces have for a long time been paradises for the folklorist, the philologist, the ethnologist, and the folk song collector; for the Basque villagers, whether mountaineers or coast dwellers, live outside time: they are eternal, and they continue to perform their sword-dances and their magical rites in sacred places that were hallowed long before Christianity. Hence the accusations that were sometimes leveled against them for being devil-worshipers and sabbat-seekers. They call the witches sabbat *aquelarre* (the word means "the field of the goat"), and the witches who once gathered in the cave of Zugarramurdi in the valley of Baztán were accused of goat-worship. The Basques are a very religious people, and it is significant that the great folklorists and collectors today in Guipuzcoa, Alava, Navarra Vizcaya are mostly priests and monks who devote themselves to the task of collecting the folk songs of their tradition-loving people.

These observations are brought to mind by the recording of "Basque Songs and Dances" (Lyrichord LL 78. Stella Maris chorus of San Sebastian; María de los Angeles Usoz, Conductor; Polenti Guezala, *txistu, thun-thun,* Xabin Guezala, *atabal*). This record, with the exception of the first number, the French Basque song "*Euskotar Biribilketa,*" is entirely devoted to music from the Spanish Basque provinces sung by the Stella Maris choir of twenty-five girl voices under the direction of their founder, María de los Angeles Usoz, and dances played by the celebrated virtuoso of the *txistu,* the Basque national instrument. One of the loveliest songs of this program is "*Agur María*" by the Capuchin Father Donosti (1886-1956), an indefatigable collector whose Basque songs are in the repertory of every Spanish singer. One of the most characteristic is "*Orra Mari Domingui,*" by Usandizaga, which is beautifully sung by the Stella Maris chorus. It is a pity, however, that the rendering in places in this record leaves a good deal to be desired. It is so resonant at times that the polyphony becomes blurred.

The lively contrast between the syllabic songs, sung simply and unaffectedly by the choir, and the riot of syncopation and irregular rhythms played by the *txistu* and *thun-thun* with the extra drum-playing of the *atabal* gives a fascinating quality to this record. At times the irregular rhythms remind us of folk dances of North Greek highlands.—WALTER STARKIE.

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Recordings Report: Show Scores, Operettas, etc.

COMPOSER, TITLE, DATA	REPORT
Arlen: "Saratoga." Carol Lawrence, Howard Keel, Carol Bruce, etc. Directed by Jerry Arlen. RCA LOC 1051, $4.98.	Few shows of recent years have had as many fine, tuneful ideas as this one (half a dozen, at least, belong with the best of Arlen's sizable collection), but their effect is lessened rather than enhanced by the performance of the original cast. Whether this was also a factor in "Saratoga's" limited Broadway run is beside the point; but neither Miss Lawrence nor Keel get maximum values from "I'll Be Respectable," "Why Fight This," "Game of Poker," "Love Held Lightly," etc.
Arlen: "Saratoga." Larry Elgart and orchestra. RCA Victor LPM 2166, $3.98.	How much imaginative arrangement and sympathetic performance can add to Arlen's attractive ideas is clearly evident in most of the tracks on these two sides. A reference or two to Johnny Mercer's ingenious lyrics would have been welcome, for there is not as much variety in the sound of the band as might be desirable over two LP sides. However, Elgart imposes a high technical standard on his men, and sustains it unyieldingly. "The Parks of Paris," which is omitted from the disc above, is included here. Very good sound.
Benatzky-Stolz: "White Horse Inn." Andy Cole, Mary Thomas and Rita Williams, with Tony Osborne and Orchestra. Angel S 35815, $5.98.	Distance may lend enchantment to this score, but the apt performance by the English principals and orchestra helps also. Fitted out with new English lyrics by Harry Graham, such songs as "It Would be Wonderful," "Your Eyes," and "The White Horse Inn" are what everyone thinks of as "operetta" but doesn't always hear. Andy Cole's tenor is hardly Tauber's, with mentionable effect on "Goodbye" (an interpolated Stolz song better known as "Adieu mein kleiner Offizer") but Mary Thomas and Rita Williams are well chosen for their Tyrolean warbling. "Tony Osborne and his orchestra" have no international history to recommend them, but they are just what Benatzky in English can use. Spacious, bright-sounding recording.
Besoyan: "Little Mary Sunshine." Eileen Brennan, William Graham, etc., with Glenn Osser conducting. Capitol WAO 1240, $5.98.	How long Rick Besoyan's real gift for musical comedy will have to be dissembled in such pseudo-spoofs as this one (of the Friml-Romberg woodsy romance) depends on when he decides to take himself seriously. For, if the words and action are plainly parody, the music is quite as sweet and mentally innocent as that which it pretends to take off. In other words, Besoyan strikes me as a desperate romantic who can only be himself by pretending to mock someone else. (This doesn't include "You're the Fairest Flower.") Eileen Brennan does the most, of a generally talented cast, for Besoyan's inventions. Useful thought has been given to making the words understandable.
Coward: "Bitter Sweet." Vanessa Lee, Roberto Cardinali, Julie Dawn, etc. Michael Collins and his orchestra. Angel S 35814, $5.98.	"I'll See You Again" and "Zigeuner" are regularly available, but opportunities have not been frequent lately to sample the rest of Coward's score. It turns out, on reacquaintance, to speak very well for his genuine gift for relating words, music, and situations in a palatable theatrical combination. As in the case of "White Horse Inn" above, Angel's tasteful attention to a phase of music which tends to be maltreated when it is not ignored employs no names of international réclame. However, all those enumerated at the left, and the others as well, are selected for valid abilities. New orchestrations by Brian Fahey and Ray Terry contribute their share to the high total of good sound that is heard.
Hahn: "Ciboulette." Geori Boué, Roger Bourdin, and Gaston Rey, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Marcel Cariven. Pathé DTX 30136, $5.98.	The French form of the light musical show is as different from the English or the American as the cast of opera-orientated performers would suggest. Actually, "Ciboulette" is in the long tradition of opéra-comique to which Hahn himself made several other contributions. If many more in this series are to be imported for American distribution, some thought should be given to texts, or at least synopses in English.
Jobin, A. C.-Bonfa, L. "Orfeu Negro." Epic LN 3672, $3.98.	In common with most sound tracks that serve their primary purpose faithfully, this one for the prizewinning (American as well as French) film does not have ideal appeal for independent listening. However, it has some aural fascinations of its own in the artful use of dance rhythms and percussive sounds to evoke an atmosphere; also, with suitable lyric treatment, "O Nosso Amor" might have wide popular appeal.
Loesser: "Greenwillow." Anthony Perkins, Pert Kelton, William Chapman, etc. Under the musical direction of Abba Boggin. RCA Victor LOC 2001, $4.98.	However much this score may contribute to the success of the dramatic venture in the theatre, it lends itself less well to uses of home listening. Much of this may relate to the lack of an outstanding, or at least a superior, voice in the cast (William Chapman has little opportunity in the selections offered): Perkins is strained and a melodic monotone most of the time, Miss McCown too light and lacking in personal projection. Much of Loesser's music has charm, but it works the folksy vocabulary pretty hard.
Rodgers: "The Sound of Music." Members of the Trapp Family Singers, conducted by Father Franz Wasner. Warner Bros. WS 1377, $4.98.	Here is the most improbable record of the year—a version by members of the Trapp Family Singers of tunes from the "musical" about themselves. I don't suppose it makes much difference which voices sing "Maria" or "The Lonely Goatherd" or the other items in the synthetically-processed product, but it is hard to see any relationship between Father Franz Wasner and "Sixteen Going On Seventeen."
Schubert: "Lilac Time." June Bronhill, Thomas Round, Michael Collins and Orchestra. Angel S 35817, $5.98.	Both Sigmund Romberg and H. Berté had a hand in the transformations by which this score (or its American counterpart called "Blossom Time") became known to millions, but the credit, in spite of all, really belongs to the originator. However those acquainted with the first form of "Ungeduld," "Staendchen," "Die Forelle," or the "Trauerwalzer" are not likely to relish them as "adapted." For others, the performance is well-meaning, the recording successful.
Youmans: "No No Nanette"; Friml: "Rose-Marie." Lina Dachary, Liliane Berton, etc. Paul Bonneau conducting. Pathé DTX 30146, $5.98.	If American sources are remiss in their attention to so gifted an American creator as Vincent Youmans, the more welcome, then, the Parisian honor. Indeed, the French texts and voices for "Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy" (as well as the title tune) are not at all disturbing to their basic character. Not so "To-tem Tum-Tum" (suspiciously like a plug for a digestive mint) and "Indian Love Call." Nice spirit in both, and good enough sound. —I. K.

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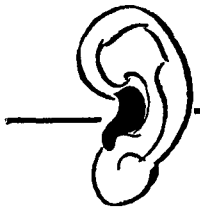


EARMARKS

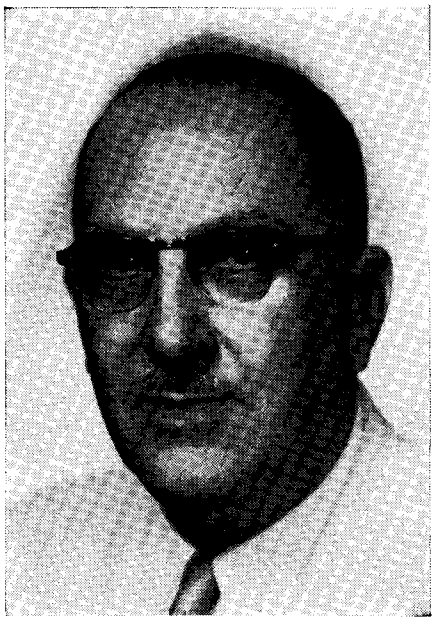
South by Music

IN A VOICE that blends Carl Sandburg's raspy hoarseness and Leadbelly's impulsive dynamics with a dash of Tabasco, Dr. Edmond Souchon has recorded a nostalgic handful of songs and reminiscences that brings listeners close to grasping what his not-so-ordinary childhood and youth in New Orleans may have been. "Dr Souchon Recalls Early New Orleans Minstrel Days—and Blues" (Golden Crest CR 3065, $3.98) is, for all its matter-of-fact title, an excellent try for total recall of an elusive and little-known aspect of music in New Orleans. It has meaning because it captures an unreconstructed local flavor and in so doing spreads out for delectation a number of the musical strains that determined the development of jazz between 1900 and 1920.

Dr. Souchon comes by his material in a way that could not be had by anyone who tried for a "this-is-the-way-it-might-have-been" bit of banjo, bones, and baggage. He grew up while it was going on; and as a Deep South city cousin to Huck Finn, he apparently played hookey from nearly everything else to squeeze his way into crowded dance halls, vaudeville palaces, and show tents to follow his passion, the topical song. He knew the composers, musicians, and singers who dealt in it.

In the brief introductory narration that accompanies each song, Edmond Souchon speaks affectionately of the Alamo Theatre, and the No Name, on Canal Street; he places one song as having been heard "around 1926, in an ice cream parlor at old West End"; and he recalls an acquaintance with King Oliver's "Sweet Baby Doll" for "some twenty-odd years" before it was recorded for Okeh in late 1923. This might have made him four years old when he first gave ear to a classic of the early jazz repertoire, but that's probably not out of place for the man who reports, "I started fiddlin' around with the guitar when I was about eight or nine years old—my grandma gave me one. I was very much amused when my daddy picked it up and started singing an old college drinking song, 'Give Us a Drink, Bartender.'"

From his precocious childhood, which included sneaking off from nursemaids and an immaculate home to course the alleys as a ragamuffin and visit the tough neighborhood just above



Dr. Edmond Souchon—"captures an unreconstructed local flavor."

Basin Street where Pete Lala's 101 Club was a seedy hangout for jazz musicians, Edmond grew to maturity as guitarist in a small string band playing jazz and pop tunes. He also graduated from medical school and became a surgeon. This was nothing new in his family—for several generations, there has always been a "Doctor Souchon" in the male line.

How he has managed to keep in touch with so many interests is probably one of the things that only a rather well-oriented I.Q. could explain. That he sees no great inconsistency between a good performance with the guitar and a good incision at the operating table should not baffle anyone either; a surgeon's hand can be a guitarist's hand if the compassion for both exists.

Added to the compassion, there is a convincing remembrance of early jazz, blues, and minstrel tunes which the record displays to the full. Jazz repertoire is represented by "Sweet Baby Doll" and "She Keeps It Up All the Time"; blues both early and late, by "E Blues," "Ella Speed," and—"just in honor of that great blues singer, Bessie Smith"—"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out." Minstrelsy is recalled by a classic attributed to Neil Abel, a celebration, in the manner of the blackface vaudeville comedian, of "those ever-lovin' buckwheat cakes."

Some stereotyped early vaudeville characterizations of ethnic groups are included, and "Mariuch, She Make Da Hoochie Ma Cooch" is one of these. The jazzier songs come with accompaniment provided by a small band that includes Ray Burke, clarinet, Armand Hug, piano, and Sherwood Mangiapane, string bass. A comic moment occurs with Souchon's biting parody of a barker's pitch at a side show, as introduction to "Oh, How She Dances!" The whole enterprise qualifies as a realistic and uninhibited piece of Americana.

THE publication of Harold Courlander's "Negro Songs from Alabama" puts us in touch with another kind of music heard in the Deep South. Transcriptions of seventy-five songs collected by Courlander, a scholar and writer, on a field trip to west-central Alabama, have been made by John Benson Brooks, an American composer, and published with assistance from the Wenner-Gren Foundation. The decidedly original material stems from tape recordings which have previously been released as a six-volume set of LPs under the title "Negro Folk Music of Alabama" (Folkways FE 4417, 18; 71-74, $5.95 each). Publication of these careful musical transcriptions (one can play them on a piano) crowns an undertaking begun some ten years ago by Courlander.

From both recordings and published music, there emerges a picture of a song-and-music tradition that goes back much farther than the period of recall brought forward by Dr. Souchon. It contrasts interestingly with material drawn from the minstrel stage. Those segments of Negro life that are reflected in minstrelsy have been accepted by many white persons as "typical" or "comic" sketches of that life caught at its lightest moments. They derive from the blackface stage, and, if we want to probe, may have to do with a wish on the part of many white persons who preferred to believe that Negroes could be contained within a submissive, carefree frame of reference.

The Courlander material strikes a deeper note. The songs were not sung by persons who wished to entertain, or who cast them as stage situations. They grew out of everyday life. They related, for the most part, to slavery and the prewar plantation system. In a remote way, this also relates to minstrelsy; they are the raw material from which many earlier minstrel caricatures were roughly drawn. And, since folk song follows a cannibalistic custom of both feeding popular material and eating of it, there are even some echoes of this earlier period of minstrelsy and popular song.

The majority of the transcribed ma-

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terial, however, belongs to the area in which it was collected. Where it does not tap local sources, it seems to take outside material and shape it to individual talent for expression. There is, for example, a long and significant variant of the "John Henry" ballad, sung by Rich Amerson. It might have been supposed that nearly every twist of the classic ballad could by now have been exploited by singers and discovered by folklorists. But Amerson displays the creative touch:

John Henry had a little woman,
Well the dress she wore it's a-red like blood,
And the shoes she wore, it's a-red
Well the hat she had on, it's a-red,
That woman's eyes they turned red with blood,
Well she come a-screamin' and a-cryin' that day,
Come a-walkin' down that railroad track.
The Captain supplied to the woman,
Said tell me woman, what's troublin' your mind.
Says I'm goin' where my man fell dead.

This is only one example among many; a notable feature of Courlander's collection is inclusion of a number of early field calls, as chanted by different members of the slave family. There is a father's field call, a children's field call, and a fine field hand's call.

There are many religious songs, all revealing that very deep and shattering note of personal tragedy characteristic of the use to which religious song was put in this region:

Wonder where is my brother gone?
Wonder where is my brother John?
He is gone to the wilderness,
Ain't comin' no more.
Wonder where will I lie down?
In some lonesome place, Lord,
Down under ground.

There is at least one extended version of a superb, individually thought-out country blues, "Black Woman," by Rich Amerson. Sixteen game songs were collected from children at play. One of them, "Old Lady Sally Wants to Jump," brings us back to at least one true vein of humor as it was exploited in minstrelsy.

Aside from introducing this rich vein to a musical audience, the transcriptions may prove to be valuable help to singers elsewhere who hope to learn folk song. Understanding the material from its source—a region where song is still a part of daily life—could contribute to an improvement in the quality of contemporary folk song.

—Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

Casualties in Contemporaries

In the flurry of clearing the decks for stereo, some companies seem determined to eliminate all but the very best sellers from their monophonic lists. In a catalogue bulging with stereophonic "Scheherazades" (fifteen in stereo alone), "1812s" (fourteen in stereo), and "Boleros" (seventeen in stereo), something has to give, and contemporary music seems to be the most expendable category.

During his years at M-G-M Records, Edward Cole impelled that label toward the propagation of contemporary music. The withdrawal of virtually all the M-G-M classical numbers means that several of the composers Cole championed have vanished from the catalogue altogether. Alan Hovhaness, who was especially favored and even participated in some of the recordings, and the late Kurt Weill are still represented on other labels, though with nothing like the variety they enjoyed on M-G-M. Karl-Birger Blomdahl, Jaime Mendoza-Nava, John Fernström, Luis Sandi, and Jacques Stehman are among the missing—not giants, admittedly, but creators of some worth-while music nevertheless.

These contemporary works, many little known, some more familiar, are all of more than passing interest. A word to the wary: Most of the recordings listed here are still available in some shops, even though no longer listed in Schwann.

Hovhaness: *St. Vartan Symphony, Opus 80. Carlos Surinach conducting the M-G-M Orchestra.* M-G-M E-3453.

This elaborate, fantastic piece is an evocation of a fifth-century Armenian national hero. It is in five parts, broken down further into no less than twenty-four sections, many bearing Armenian titles such as *Yerk* ("Song"), *Bar* ("Dance"), and *Tapor* ("Processional"). There are important solos for piano, trombone, trumpet, and alto saxophone, with an assortment of percussion (used with remarkable subtlety) not far behind. Some of the sections are scored for very small ensemble, and the astonishing variety of rhythm and color makes for fascinating effects. Careful attention to the composer's notes showed that the labels were reversed on every copy of the record I've seen, an error which might be easily overlooked on hearing such unorthodox material for the first time.

Lars-Erik Larsson: *Violin Concerto*; Karl-Birger Blomdahl: *Pastoral Suite*; John Fernstrom: *Concertino for Flute, Women's Chorus and Chamber Orchestra. Andre Gertler, violin; Erik Holmstedt, flute; Sten Frykberg conducting women's chorus and orchestra of Radio Stockholm.* London-International TW-91091.

It is regrettable that the only music of Larsson now in the catalogues is the suite from "The Disguised God," a not very fetching piece whose recording suffers from terrific pre-echo. The little of his work we have been able to sample from time to time bespeaks a highly creative musicality, and the Violin Concerto is a notable example, lyrical, full-blooded, real music in every sense, and well played by Gertler, to whom it was dedicated in 1952.

Blomdahl's "Pastoral Suite" for string orchestra is rather austere, quite unlike the similarly titled work by Larsson once recorded by the same orchestra, and a far cry from what the term denoted in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music. It is the piece I found most arresting when I first heard the record, but the little charmer by Fernström, which has the longest title and shortest playing time of the three works, is easier to take. Fernström, we are informed in the liner notes, was born in China, where his father was a missionary. His Concertino is colored with quasi-gamelan effects and other little Orientalisms which are always, however, rather subdued. Indeed, the soft percussion rhythm never stops, except once or twice to permit the flute, which is wild and primitive rather than polished and suave, a little cadenza.

Kurt Weill: *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik*; Copland: *Music for the Theatre. Izler Solomon conducting the M-G-M Orchestra.* M-G-M E-3095.

Weill's arrangement of eight pieces from his "Three-Penny Opera" is hardly another "Carmen Suite," but an attractive package nonetheless. It was none other than Klemperer who first recorded this instrumental suite, and the players in the Berlin State Opera Orchestra of the early Thirties gave that old Polydor recording a unique flavor that will probably never be duplicated.

Still, Solomon and his New York players make a persuasive presentation, as they do of the Copland, both sides suffering from the rather dry

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acoustics that characterized many early M-G-M issues.

POULENC: *Les Biches (ballet suite)*; SCARLATTI-TOMMASINI: *"The Good Humoured Ladies" (ballet suite). Roger Desormière conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.* London LL-624.

"Les Biches," for some reason translated as "The House Party," is as sparkling a ballet score as anyone has turned out in the last forty years, with more substance than many. It is all very chic, very sophisticated, and, happily, very musical. If comparisons help, the flavor is rather like that of Ibert's "Divertissement," but the only reference to other music in the Poulenc score is a fleeting one in the finale to Mozart's "Prague" Symphony. Desormière was as masterly in this kind of music as Beecham is in that of Delius, and his overside account of the familiar "Good Humoured Ladies" is absolutely and delightfully definitive. This record would surely seem destined for a Richmond reissue, but is still sufficiently available in its original format to satisfy the impatient.

ROUSSEL: *Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* London LL-1495.

Hardly a dull patch anywhere in these two symphonies, both recorded in that "washed clean" way of London's that is superbly appropriate for these stimulating scores. One need hardly comment on the elegance and authority Ansermet brings to this music, which makes the deletion of all his Roussel recordings hard to fathom.

MENOTTI: *Sebastian (ballet suite). NBC Symphony Orchestra*; GOULD: *Dance Variations. Whittemore and Lowe, pianos, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Both conducted by Leopold Stokowski.* RCA Victor LM-1858.

With the disappearance of this disc and the Violin Concerto, there is no strictly instrumental Menotti left on records. While this may not be alarming in itself, "Sebastian" is, for all its indebtedness to Berlioz, music of real charm. What is more, it is rich in real tunes (including one right out of "Romeo et Juliette"), served up in a treatment that is piquant but never overdone. The Gould side is less consequential.

BLOCH: *Quartets Nos. 1-4. Griller Quartet.* London LLA-23 (three discs).

Some commentators have suggested Beethoven, Bartok, and Bloch as the incomparable "three Bs" of the quartet

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literature. Personally, I find too much in the quartets of Schubert, Brahms, and Dvorak to acknowledge that particular triumvirate, but there is no disputing that only Bartok is in the same class with the composer of these four in our own century. The Third Quartet was dedicated to the Grillers, and they are obviously dedicated to Bloch, turning out compelling performances of these four remarkable works. This was in every way an outstanding release, and well worth the effort that may be required to find a copy now.

VILLA-LOBOS: *Serestas. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with orchestra conducted by the composer*; RACHMANINOFF: *Ten songs. Jennie Tourel, with Erich Itor Kahn, piano.* Columbia ML-4357.

The "Serestas," recorded during the same visit to this country that produced the memorable "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 5 with Bidu Sayao, are as arresting as they are varied, the exciting "Song of the Ox-Cart Driver" particularly impressive as projected by Tourel. Those who admire Rachmaninoff's songs are unlikely to find a more sympathetic presentation than this, but the three Chopin songs that fill out the Villa-Lobos side will have a wider appeal.

KABALEVSKY: *Suite from "Colas Breugnon," Opus 24*; SHOSTAKOVITCH: *Symphony No. 1, Opus 10. Vladimir Golschmann conducting the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML-5152.

Kabalevsky's jolly overture, once a Toscanini favorite, should be turning up again soon, perhaps by Reiner, who had a stunning version on 78. In the meantime, this recently discontinued record is well worth having for both sides. The attractiveness of the Kabalevsky diminishes somewhat with each of its four movements, perhaps because the overture is hard to follow effectively. The Shostakovitch, an old story by now and perhaps still that composer's masterpiece, is given a marvelous reading by Golschmann. After the termination of his long tenure in St. Louis (he is now Musical Advisor of the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra), it is gratifying to know that he is again active in the recording studio (for Vanguard); he would be just the man to give us the long-awaited satisfactory recording of Shostakovitch's Haydnesque Ninth Symphony.

—RICHARD FREED.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

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KENNETH PATCHEN

Poetry, and Poetry with Jazz

By JOHN CIARDI

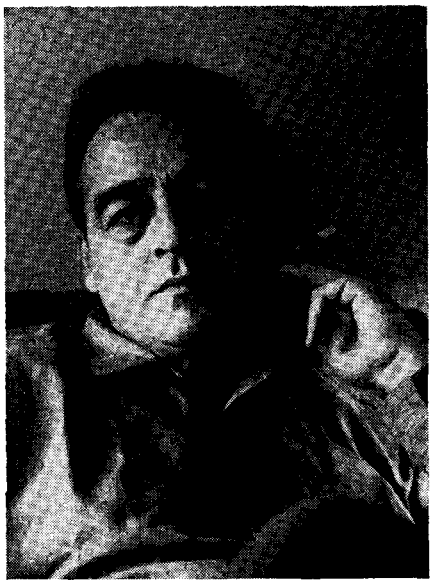
ALMOST two years ago my good friend Kenneth Patchen came to town to read his poetry to jazz at The Five Spot, and though I did my best, within my ignorance, to pump him on the theory of such readings, I found myself as confused at the end as I had been at the beginning. There was, for example, a Chinese poem in translation that "had a sort of circular rhythm," and naturally, as Patchen put it, that wanted to be read with Dixieland behind it. Another poem had a long, smooth line and that one wanted to be read against a jump-rhythm. Still another poem had "a sort of jump rhythm in the line" and that one wanted to be read against a long, smooth, swinging line.

Whatever the merits of the theory—and I confess they escape me—the performance itself managed to be two things going on at the same time with no convincing sense that one was related to the other. The combo, working under only the most general instructions, with no real rehearsal, and with no sense of what the poems were, followed itself into itself; while Patchen recited the poems, guessing as best he could what the combo would do next. Worst of all, the music kept drowning the words. I ended up knowing neither what was being played nor what was being read.

Kenneth Patchen claims to have been the first to read his poetry to jazz (some sixteen years ago), and certainly "Kenneth Patchen Reads His Poetry with the Chamber Jazz Sextet" (Cadence CLP 3004. $3.98) is a serious effort to eliminate all haphazard from the performance.

Patchen's poetry is in many ways a natural for jazz accompaniment. Its subjects and its tone are close to those of jazz. And most of it is written not metrically, but in phrase groups that adapt naturally to jazz rhythms. For this particular recording, moreover, the poems were first taped, then underscored for the accompaniment, and then re-recorded to the nicely mental phrasings and fine woodwindy sound of the Chamber Jazz Sextet.

It is a careful effort. As a general formula, each number starts with a spoken phrase . . . pause . . . sextet enters with a longish series of introductory phrases . . . fades or pauses . . . then the voice again . . . and then the sextet coming up over (rather than under) the voice, with the result that one begins to lose the words. Had a printed text been supplied (and the omission of such a text, I must insist, is always a mistake) the listener might better have followed the reading, but as a partisan of the word (and confessedly no jazz enthusiast) I can only resent having the word drowned out by its accompaniment.



Kenneth Patchen—"in many ways a natural for jazz accompaniment."

I rather like the effect that can be achieved when voice and music alternate, but I find it merely distracting when the two are coming on together, especially when the music comes on loud enough to drown the reading.

For that reason I much prefer the earlier Folkways release (FL 9717. $5.95) of "Selected Poems of Kenneth Patchen. Read by the Poet," in which Patchen reads his poems without musical accompaniment, as straightforward and admirable—exercises in the word itself. Patchen has grand powers as a reader. His voice is casual, almost matter of fact, yet sensitive, resonant, and immediately engaging. A gentle and easy voice, always deeply concerned for the natural rhythms of epeech. yet kept exciting by small modulations and by a superb sense of timing. Patchen with sextet is a good recording and an interesting one, but Patchen by himself is one of the really grand readings.

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Africa

Continued from page 12

torates. Members of the Special (i.e., political) Branch of the police are everywhere, spying, reporting, name-taking, and generally intimidating people into silence or conformity. All this was happening long before the present crisis.

Yet the idea that any amount of force could make the system stable and permanent was an illusion. Fear and tension increased at an accelerating pace. Boycotts and riots became more frequent and widespread, until the balloon went up on March 21. Nine days later the government took the gloves off. Mass arrests before dawn, police with rubber hose and *sjambok*, censorship of the mails and tapping of telephones, liberals taking the precaution of sleeping away from home, African leaders locked up by the thousands, the press frightened into innocuous commonplaces—it is all ominously familiar to our generation. Under cover of the emergency, the government has introduced into Parliament a bill, which has been long germinating, to control the press.

THE Nationalist regime will not change its course, though it may go through the motions of appearing to do so. I have tried to make it clear why it cannot. But this is not the whole story. The Nationalist Party stands primarily not for *apartheid* but for Afrikaner nationalism. It was formed to fight not the Africans but the English. It is solidly opposed by the whole English-speaking population, as well as by a minority of Afrikaners. Most of this opposition is fighting what is really a rear-guard action of the Boer War. But even where it opposes *apartheid* half-heartedly or not at all, it detests the government's ruthless authoritarian methods. If, by a miracle, the Nationalists were overthrown by the United Party, African nationalism and multiracial liberalism might hope to make at least some dents in the regime. The exclusive control of the state and its agencies by Afrikaners in the interests of a sectional nationalism would be broken; and if, in addition, some little share of power were given to non-whites, that exclusive control could never be restored.

These prospects, reinforced by the whole mystique of nationalism, have conditioned Afrikaner Nationalists to an almost military discipline and uniformity. Discontents and disagreements have rumbled through the party, but the ranks stand firm. If there is disagreement with government policy, it can be discussed with the Minister behind closed doors. No breath of criticism must disturb the solid front presented to the enemy. It is not only the white race whose survival is at stake, but something still more sacred, the Afrikaner nation.

That is one reason why the government gratuitously made enemies of 1,500,000 Colored people: in a precarious political situation, more seats were made safe for Nationalists. That is why, desperately anxious to redress the balance of population in favor of the whites, it nevertheless turned back the tide of European immigrants that was flowing strongly up to 1948: they were potential Opposition voters. And that is why the government, as it moves fatally on its course, can count on the disciplined support of the troops behind it.

IT is hardly necessary to argue here that if there is no fundamental reversal of policy, there will be more and bigger crises, more and fiercer repression, to the disastrous end. But it has long been a commonplace of South African discussion that there exist, in theory, two alternatives to the present course. One is to pursue racial separation to its logical end by disentangling black and white, placing them on opposite sides of a partition, and allowing each to go its own way in freedom and independence. Some of the intellectuals on the Nationalist side have advocated this plan fervently and sincerely. The government toyed with it, appointed a commission to work out the details, received a report, and put it into a pigeonhole. The scheme is economically impossible.

The other alternative is to abolish racial discrimination, root and branch, and accept the consequences of integration. To the outside observer this is so obviously the right, indeed the only, solution that he is chiefly concerned to know why it has not been adopted. I hope I have made it clear why not.

The African National Congress (now suppressed), with its Indian and Colored allies and the white leftist Congress of Democrats, have pressed for one simple reform—universal suffrage, immediately and without qualification. The more moderate demand of a non-racial franchise with educational qualifications, but becoming universal in due course, was made by the interracial but predominantly white Liberal Party. Many of the leaders of all these movements are now in jail.

The Progressive Party presents, in comparison with the Liberals, an appearance of still greater moderation and respectability. It has twelve very able members in Parliament (they were elected on the United Party ticket, but seceded from that party last year) and strong financial backing. But it, too, advocates a non-racial franchise, ultimately—perhaps in the very long run—becoming universal.

If the Progressive Party cannot convert the majority of white voters, that will be *a fortiori* impossible for the Liberals, not to speak of the Congresses.

The Progressives are not all English-speaking. Their leader, Dr. Steytler, is an Afrikaner, and not even an anglicized one. But from the Nationalist point of view the Progressives are more dangerous enemies than the whole British army of 1899. Their chances of winning Nationalist votes away from their traditional allegiance are negligible. Among the English-speaking they have considerable support. But it is far from matching the support given to the conservative United Party. And even the United Party, when it was the only serious opposition party, and supported by about half the electrorate, could win only a third of the parliamentary seats.

Liberals and Progressives face one overwhelming obstacle. It is the concept, deeply rooted in the white people, that the white race is an entity to be preserved. It is very difficult to argue that it will be preserved when there is a black government. The Africans are little more attracted by miscegenation than the whites. But they hope to destroy the fences that the whites have built around themselves. If the whites were to cling together as a self-conscious group, they would be a minority group and politically helpless. And they would have no privileges. The white skin would lose its prestige and the identity of the white group its present meaning in South Africa.

IT is equally difficult to argue that when the tide has turned, and votes have been given to non-whites on any significant scale, the advance to universal suffrage can long be held in check. The Liberal and Progressive case really depends on the rejection of the axiom on which white supremacy is ultimately based. But most whites will cling to that axiom until their opinions have ceased to count.

The failure of the Liberals, and now of the Progressives, to win significant white support has driven the non-whites to rely upon their own resources. Even the moderation and non-racialism of the African National Congress fell under suspicion. Black racial nationalists broke away to form the Pan-Africanist Congress. It was that, and not the ANC, that provoked the convulsion of the last month.

And that makes it harder for the Progressives to win white votes, and harder therefore to see a way to resolve the grave crisis that now faces South Africa.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1364

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Another word for the plover often called "golden."

B. Secretary to Thomas Edison who became a powerful financial operator (1859-1938).

C. Hazardous situation (2 wds.).

D. Amer. impressionist painter whose work is in N.Y.'s Metropolitan, Boston Fine Arts, and the Nat'l Gallery (1853-1902).

E. Quarrelsome English poet with an appropriate middle name (1775-1864).

F. German illustrator and friend of Linnaeus (1710-70).

G. Agent's reward which came in for much publicity during a recent Presidential administration (2 wds.).

H. Norwegian playwright who greatly influenced Shaw, Joyce, etc. (1828-1906).

I. What the co-operative person likes to hold in a concerted effort (2 wds. after "his.").

J. Reputedly the first surgeon to use ether as anesthetic, in 8 operations 1842-6.

K. Ornamental cloth often hung behind an altar, etc.

L. Army's nickname for Word M.

WORDS

47 4 60 58 95 110 20

126 88 174 120 104 118

23 109 127 175 53 103 72 7 29

168 6 79 149 43 111 64 55 157

63 156 152 10 73 181

119 130 124 51 34

141 147 50 25 32 19 98 134 68 86 117

99 14 13 138 66

49 137 108 38 122

74 89 102 40

52 93 5 28 101 172

26 179 48 39 62 31 146 77 8 87

DEFINITIONS

M. Vehicle esteemed by Khrushchev.

N. Vain pretender to knowledge.

O. Cosily ensconced.

P. Ancient royal palace in Scotland, developed from still more ancient abbey; completely destroyed, 1688.

Q. Among Moslems, the last imam, thought by the Sunni not yet to have appeared.

R. In an unrefined manner.

S. Style of cassock worn by English R.C. priests.

T. Given name of great Italian artist in the precious metals (1500-71).

U. Natives of Africa among those most often kidnaped for Amer. slaves.

V. Fitted with a writing point.

W. Tapers; loses width.

X. Made of baked clay.

Y. Flat, thin slab of hard material.

Z. Having relatively great depth from one surface to its oposite.

WORDS

128 166 9 105 78 135 121 35 44 3

33 148 67 160 162 131 96 85 42

100 164 18 173 80 27 1

54 170 114 82 139 140 2 71

165 65 24 158 115

125 21 16 163 41 59 155

36 92 151 56 12 132 123

37 61 17 106 46 90 171 142 84

180 30 150 70 83

159 144 45 94 107 133

167 176 69 154 15 11 145

178 161 136 76 143 97 22

116 57 91 81 113 153

129 112 75 169 177

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 O	2 P	3 M	4 A	5 K		6 D	7 C	8 L	9 M	10 E		11 W	12 S	13 H									
14 H	15 W	16 R	17 T	18 O	19 G	20 A		21 R	22 X		23 C	24 Q	25 G		26 L	27 O								
28 K	29 C		30 U	31 L		32 G	33 N	34 F	35 M	36 S	37 T	38 I	39 L	40 J	41 R									
42 N	43 D	44 M		45 V	46 T	47 A	48 L	49 I	50 G	51 F	52 K		53 C	54 P	55 D	56 S								
	57 Y	58 A	59 R		60 A	61 T	62 L	63 E	_	64 D	65 Q	66 H	67 N	68 G	69 W	70 U								
71 P		72 C	73 E	74 J	75 Z	76 X	77 L	78 M	79 D	80 O	81 Y	82 P		83 U	84 T	85 N								
86 G	87 L		88 B	89 J	90 T	_	91 Y	92 S	93 K	94 V		95 A	96 N	97 X	98 G	99 H								
100 O	101 K	102 J	103 C		104 B	105 M	106 T	107 V	108 I		109 C	110 A		111 D	112 Z	113 Y								
	114 P	115 Q	116 Y	117 G	118 B	119 F		120 B	121 M	122 I	123 S	124 F		125 R	126 B	127 C								
128 M	129 Z	_	130 F	131 N	132 S	133 V		134 G	135 M	136 X	137 I	138 H	139 P		140 P	141 G								
	142 T	143 X	144 V	145 W		146 L	147 G	148 N		149 D	150 U	151 S	152 E	153 Y	154 W	155 R								
	156 E	157 D	158 Q		159 V	160 N		161 X	162 N	163 R	164 O	165 Q	166 M	167 W	168 D									
169 Z	170 P	171 T	172 K	173 O		174 B	175 C	176 W	177 Z	178 X		179 L	180 U	181 E										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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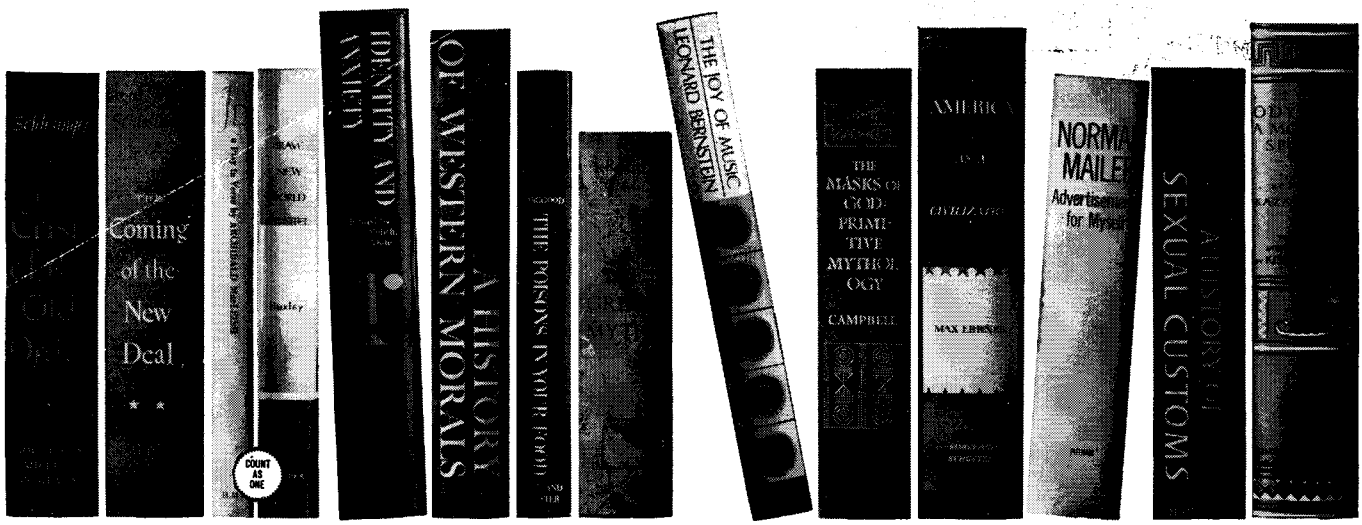

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